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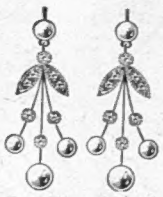

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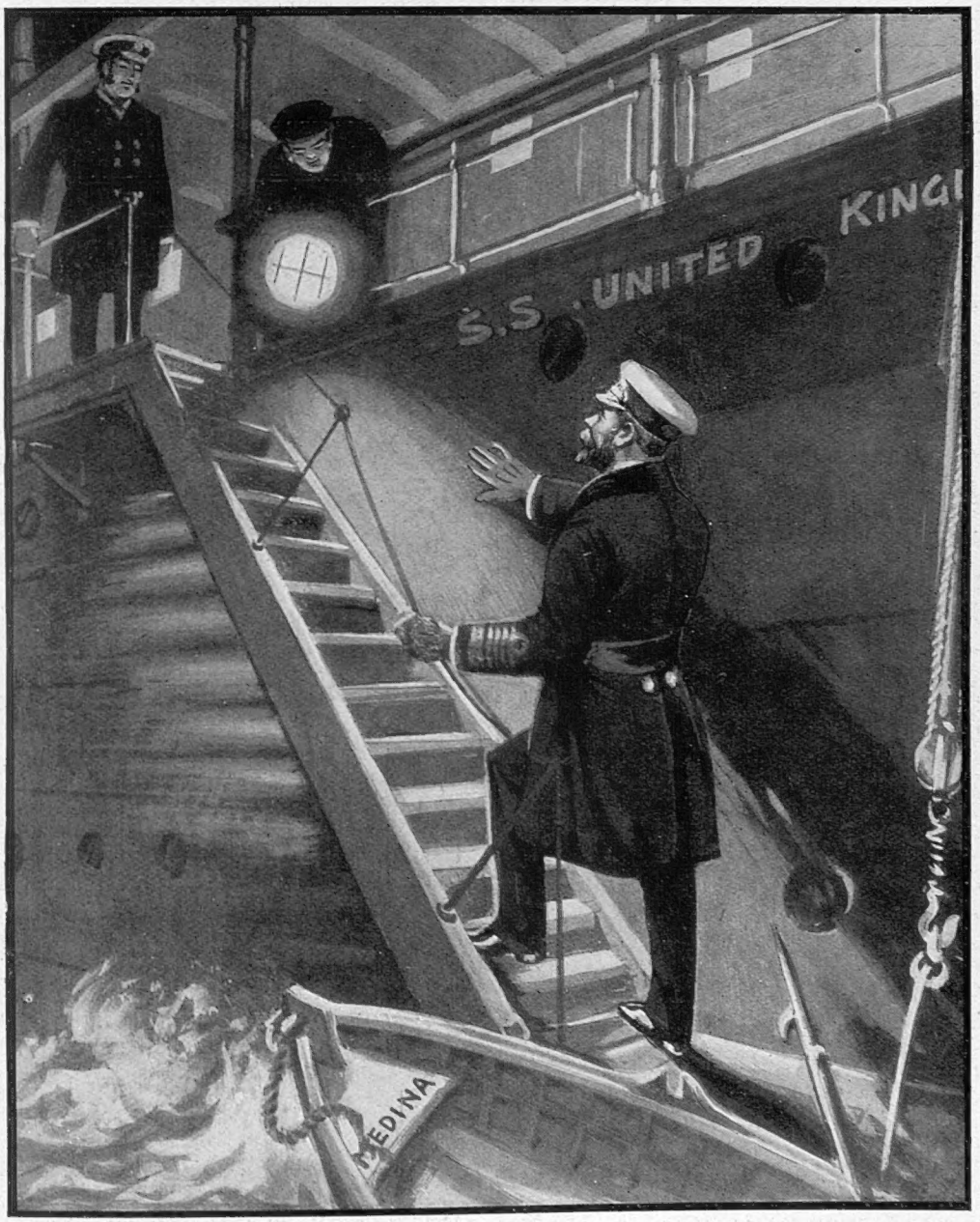

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DRAWN BY SID TREEBY

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And Hundreds of Men and Women are Wandering the Streets at Night
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PRAY HELP THE CHURCH ARMY
To Relieve their Bitter Suffering by means of WORK.
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Cheques, crossed "Barclays, account Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, W.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

ENTER BRIDGET. By Thomas Cobb. (Mills and Boon.)
THE WAY OF AN EAGLE. By E. M. Dell. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
A CHANGE OF SEX. By Charles Kinross. (Long: 6s.)
THE LAST STRONGHOLD. By Ellen A. Smith. (Long: 6s.)
THE SECRET TONTINE. By R. M. Gilchrist. (Long: 6s.)
CAPTAIN QUADRING. By William Hay. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
THE GUERDON OF FAITH. By Mrs. C. Martin. (Long: 6s.)
A FOOL TO FAME. By J. E. H. Terry. (Long: 6s.)
THE FRONTIER. By Maurice Leblanc. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
MEN AND DREAMS. By Mary E. Mann. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
THE HOUSE OF LISRONAN. By Miriam Alexander. (Melrose: 6s.)
THE SUSSEX COAST. By I. C. Hannah. (Fisher Unwin: 6s. net.)
THE WATERS OF BITTERNESS. By S. M. Fox. (Fisher Unwin: 2s. 6d. net.)
FINGER-POSTS TO ANIMAL LIFE. By R. B. Popham. (Ouseley: 5s. net.)
THE TEMPLE OF DEMOS. By H. M. Bower. (Ouseley: 6s.)
THE MINISTER'S MARRIAGE. By Mrs. A. Fraser. (Ouseley: 6s.)
IN TIME'S STOREROOMS. By Ethel Balfour. (Ouseley: 6s.)
A THREE-CORNERED DUEL. By Beatrice Kelston. (Long: 6s.)
DANGEROUS DOROTHY. By Curtis Yorke. (Long: 6s.)
MRS. WYCHERLY'S WARDS. By L. A. Harker. (Murray: 6s.)
THE BATTLE. By C. Farrère. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
TASSO AND ELEONORA. By Gertrude Leigh. (Chapman and Hall: 5s. net.)
IN FOREIGN LANDS. By J. N. Fraser, M.A. (Ouseley: 7s. 6d. net.)
THE SHIP THAT CAME HOME IN THE DARK. By Agnes G. Herbertson. (Methuen: 6s.)
DAME VERONA OF THE ANGELS. By Annie Holdsworth. (Methuen: 6s.)
THE MYSTERY OF THE RAVENSPURS. By F. M. White. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"

—PISTOL (*modified*)

The Court Mourning

NO precedent, it is anticipated, will be established by the five weeks' Court mourning ordered for the Duke of Fife, a commoner, after all, even though the husband of the Princess Royal. For Court mourning makes a very dull capital, and there would ensue serious consequences to trade did the Court mourn at such unusual length save in cases of actual Royalty. Great as is their Majesties' grief at the loss of their brother-in-law, the interval of Court mourning does afford an occasion for a little much-needed rest from official duties, and the opportunity to discharge some very important domestic ones.

* * *

The Electoral Barometer

THE signs of the times are undoubtedly for a General Election this year. "Tory young men," I learn from a well-informed feminine quarter, "keep on disappearing into the country." It looks, too, as though the new Chief Agent, Mr. Steel-Maitland, is leaving no stone unturned to divert to the Conservative party men of a type who have, in previous years, floated into Liberalism, not because of any love for "Liberal" principles, but because of the apparent hopelessness of getting noticed by the officials of the party with which they were more in sympathy. Unless I am very much mistaken, the new lists of candidates will be conspicuous for the prominence of Anglo-Saxon rather than Hebraic names, and brains rather than money may be to the fore. Also, a free and independent spirit may be found here and there, who will toe the party line right enough, but with reason and not as an automaton.

* * *

Question?

IN Society generally, people are asking what sort of figure Mr. Asquith will make on the Woolsack—which is the precise form of "sack" he appears likely to receive.

* * *

New Version of an Old Story

TALKING of the word "sack," much merriment was caused by the story in the *Daily Mail*, in an article on "J. L. Garvin," signed simply "N," of American newspaper proprietors who came over to London, and, thinking within themselves of the seven and a half million inhabitants, said, "Here is an excellent city to sack." Thinking of them, no doubt, as possible members of their staffs.

The New "Pall Mall"

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has probably had the week of its life. Never has it been so crowded with good news specials and lively gossip. The only doubt is whether the dull old world will wag merrily enough to enable J. L. G. to keep up his pace. For, after all, even the brightest of new *P.M.G.'s* is rather dependent on the dull old world. One word of well-intended warning. The *P.M.G.* has a splendid reputation for "leaders." The removal of these from the front page was not welcomed by the leader-reading public (who are the mainstay of the penny evening paper), and if they must remain inside, care should be taken not to dwarf their importance by making the page opposite too sensational in its interest. Furthermore, there is a classic style in the leading article which needs preserving, in which the words are

HONOUR WHERE IT REALLY IS DUE!

Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., presents to Mr. Osborne (the gainer of the Osborne Judgment) a testimonial at the St. Ermine Hotel, Westminster. In the centre is Sir J. D. Rees

Skating Championship Actually Held

PROFESSIONAL SPEED-SKATERS AT LITTLEPORT: A HEAT IN ONE OF THE RACES

supposed to be valued by weight rather than by quantity.

***

Politics and the Stage

I HEAR that not notoriously modest gentleman, Mr. Hemmerde, K.C., ex-M.P., is the author of Mr. Loraine's authorless play, to be produced at the Criterion next week. I don't know what its name is, but *The Politician chez lui* would be a good one, I should think—considering the authorship, also the fact that a sister of Mr. F. E. Smith is making her London début in it.

***

Sayings of Kings

QUEEN ALEXANDRA is very soon fleeing from our English spring, and, in the Mediterranean, will join her brother, the King of Greece, of whom I just heard this little tale. A young English lieutenant sat in shy silence next the King at a luncheon in Corfu, not knowing how on earth to open the conversation. Suddenly his affable Majesty relieved his embarrassment. Poking him violently in the ribs, the King said, "I've swallowed four fish-bones; do you think I shall die?"

***

King Frost and King Edward's Cup

IF there is one thing more than another which is calculated to bring about a thaw it is the fixing by the National Skating Association of a date and place for holding the Amateur Speed Championship. The frost may hold up to the very eve of the contest, and then—the Clerk of the Weather, with a sinister chuckle, turns on the warm tap. The last time the contest was held was in 1909, and champion skaters have before now been kept idle for five years at a stretch in this weather-wayward England of ours. However, this year's meeting, fixed for Thursday last on Lingay Fen, duly came off (though it was rather a near thing), and F. W. Dix, the winner in 1908 and 1909, retained King Edward's Cup and the Championship. The distance skated was a mile and a half, and the winner's time was 4min. 43 2-5th sec., which, by the way, is a little over two minutes faster than the running record over the same distance.

F. W. DIX

Winner for the third time of the British Amateur Skating Championship and King Edward's Cup

***

The Man Off the Spot

VARIOUS versions have been given why Lord Hardinge left the Foreign Office for the Indian Viceroyalty. A little light is thrown on the matter by Mr. Perceval Landon in the *Telegraph*:

> He is at his best in an emergency. His desire for action is consuming. . . . At times he acts too rapidly . . . he was born for great occasions, and he is the kind that creates great occasions.

Being, on the face of it, the very man for the Foreign Office, where one positively lives on great occasions, he was sent to India, where one doesn't! However, this is a paradoxical Government.

***

Anglo-Slav Friendship

BUT our Foreign Office doesn't seem so lacking in a capacity for handling events as some of us suspect. The visit to Russia, which seems to be doing so much to bring Slavonic and Anglo-Saxon sentiment into line, tallies quite nicely with the strenuous efforts of Austria and Germany to draw the Tsar into their vortex.

***

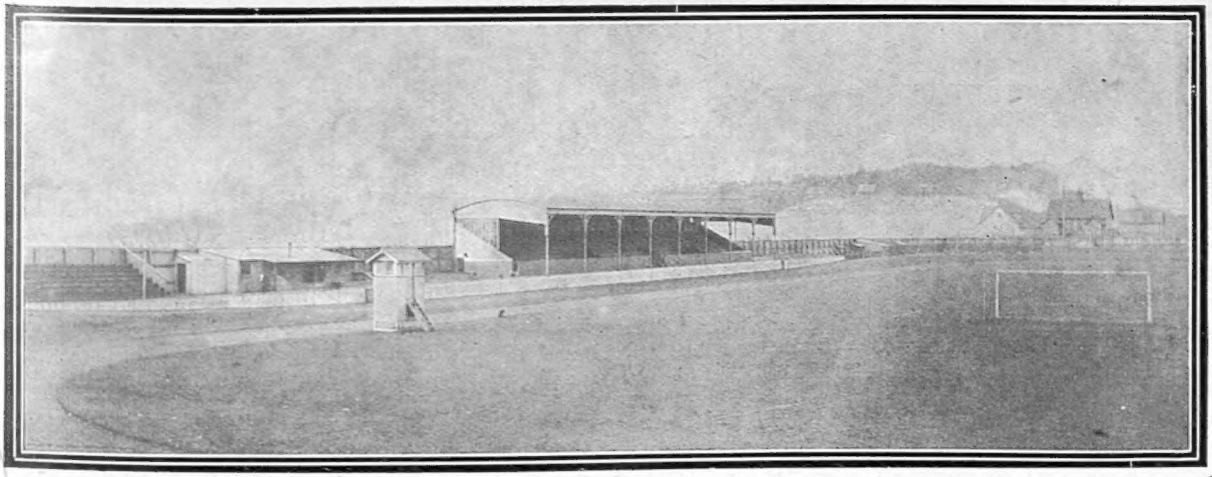
Shirt-Sleeves Diplomacy

THE much-discussed Mr. Shuster, on his arrival in Paris, told the representative of a leading paper how glad he was again to be in a civilised country. This is not very pleasant for the Persians; but, then, Mr. Shuster has not much reason to pay them compliments for the way he thinks he has been treated. Over here in England the average man is inclined to look upon Mr. Shuster as "sacrificed on the altar of Anglo-Russian friendship." Diplomatic people tell me that Mr. Schuster, who has some of the shirt-sleeve methods of his countryman, Mr. Roosevelt, managed to offend all the diplomatic canons while at Teheran. For instance,

Prior to Having a Warm Time

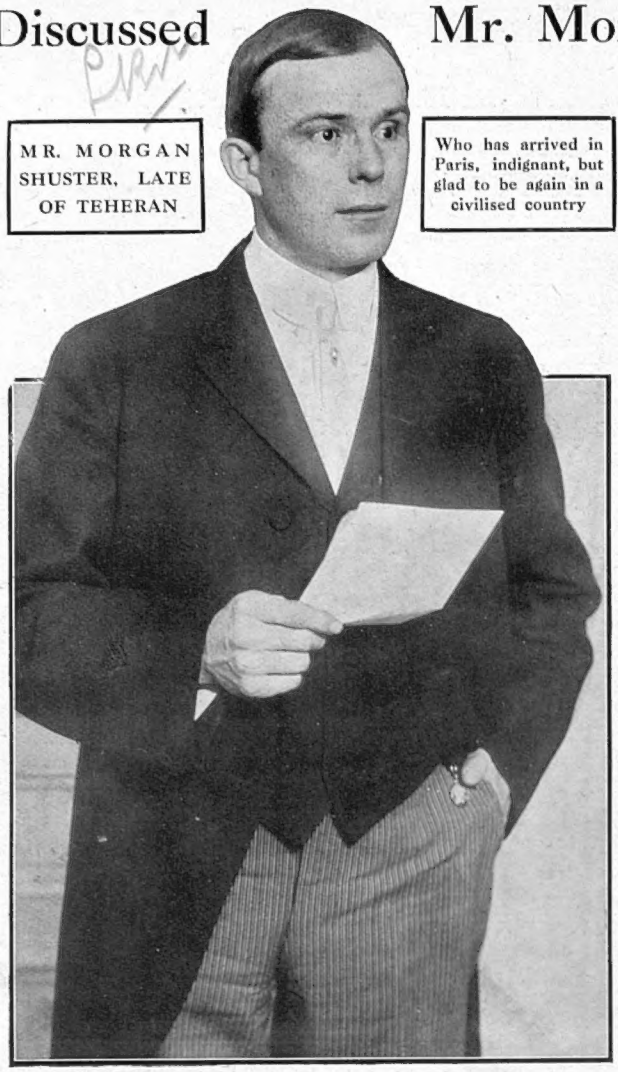
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL EXPERIENCES A COLD ONE

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY GOING, IN THE COLD, TO THE CABINET COUNCIL
At which the question of his visit to Belfast was heatedly discussed



WHERE IT WILL BE WARM WHATEVER THE WEATHER
The Celtic Ground, Belfast, in a marquee in which Mr. Churchill will make his famous speech to Ulster—Unionists permitting. Hitherto the ground has been used for the quiet and bloodless pastime of football

The Much-Discussed Mr. Morgan Shuster



MR. MORGAN SHUSTER, LATE OF TEHERAN

Who has arrived in Paris, indignant, but glad to be again in a civilised country

on arriving in the capital he did not call at the Russian Legation — a slight the Tsar's representatives did not forgive. His energy, furthermore, to overcome obstacles in his way, prevented his paying many other necessary attentions to etiquette. He confesses himself to be a man of action and not good intention. No doubt the right man somewhere in the right place, but I doubt whether that is anywhere in the troubled waters of Oriental diplomacy. East still is East, and West seems to get further West than ever.

***

Winnipeg on Winston

TALKING of Mr. Winston Churchill (why can't one help it?), the gentleman at Winnipeg (Mr. W. S. Hamilton), who wrote some weeks ago inquiring the identity of a person of that name, now writes:

I beg to thank you for yours of December 20 containing particulars of Winston Churchill's position in British politics. From the concluding sentence of your letter, however, I understand that possibly Mr. Churchill does not represent "unanimous public opinion" in England, and, without jumping to rash conclusions, I may, in fact, infer that his policies—not often, perhaps, but occasionally—meet with a certain amount of public criticism. This is regrettable, as it has occurred to me that possibly Mr. Churchill is a young man who, much against his own desires and inclinations, has been forced into politics, and, being probably of a modest and unassuming nature, any measure of publicity would be nauseous to his retiring disposition. Of course, I do not know that this is actually a fact, but I merely offer it as a plausible suggestion.

I don't think I can improve in any way on this. Mr. Hamilton seems to have got the hang of the thing quite nicely.

***

Ireland and Her Customs

SO Home Rule Ireland is to have, after all, control of her Customs, and is to receive from the British taxpayer £2,000,000 a year to keep House on (or, rather, two Houses). The terms of the *Chronicle's* forecast leave room for much quiet thought. If we recognise "Ireland a Nation," it is no good recognising her halfway, and leaving the Irish grievance always with us. If Home Rule Ireland is to prosper, no doubt she needs Customs control—but against England more than anybody else. The alleged Bill proposes to endow Ireland, which needs Protection, with the same priceless advantages of Free Trade with England as England enjoys with the Continent. It simply won't do. In a very few years a majority of the Irish Parliament will be wanting to tax *us* just as we shall be actually taxing the rest of the world.

THE GENERAL STRIKE IN LISBON: A SCENE IN THE STREETS

The strikes in Lisbon assumed such alarming proportions last week that martial law had to be declared. The British flag was hoisted over the buildings of the Electric Tramway Company, while such trams as were running were escorted by cavalry. The photograph shows strikers rioting round a car

Preparing to Win Battersea

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

VISCOUNTESS CURZON

Whose husband is going to oppose Mr. John Burns at the next Election. The daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon, Viscountess Curzon is her husband's cousin. They have two children, Edward and Georgiana

Ulster's Unalterable Hostility

A Bill with a Poor Chance

I RATHER suspect, as I have said before, that the scheme will collapse on this fiscal rock. In any case, the whole principle of "Ireland a Nation" has yet to be agreed to by the predominant partner, and so long as Ulster refuses to be ruled and taxed by the new Parliament, I do not see what chance the Government has to get its Bill through.

***

Chaos in Prospect

THE Federalists—with whom we are not quite out of sympathy—are unlikely to take the Bill at any price. They look for an Irish scheme which could be applied to England, Scotland, and Wales. The Customs control and two million subsidy, however, could not possibly be extended to the two other nationalities without creating a Bedlam-like confusion on these small islands. The Home Rule Bill, as outlined, is too big a proposition. It gives Ireland too much, and brief life will be here its portion.

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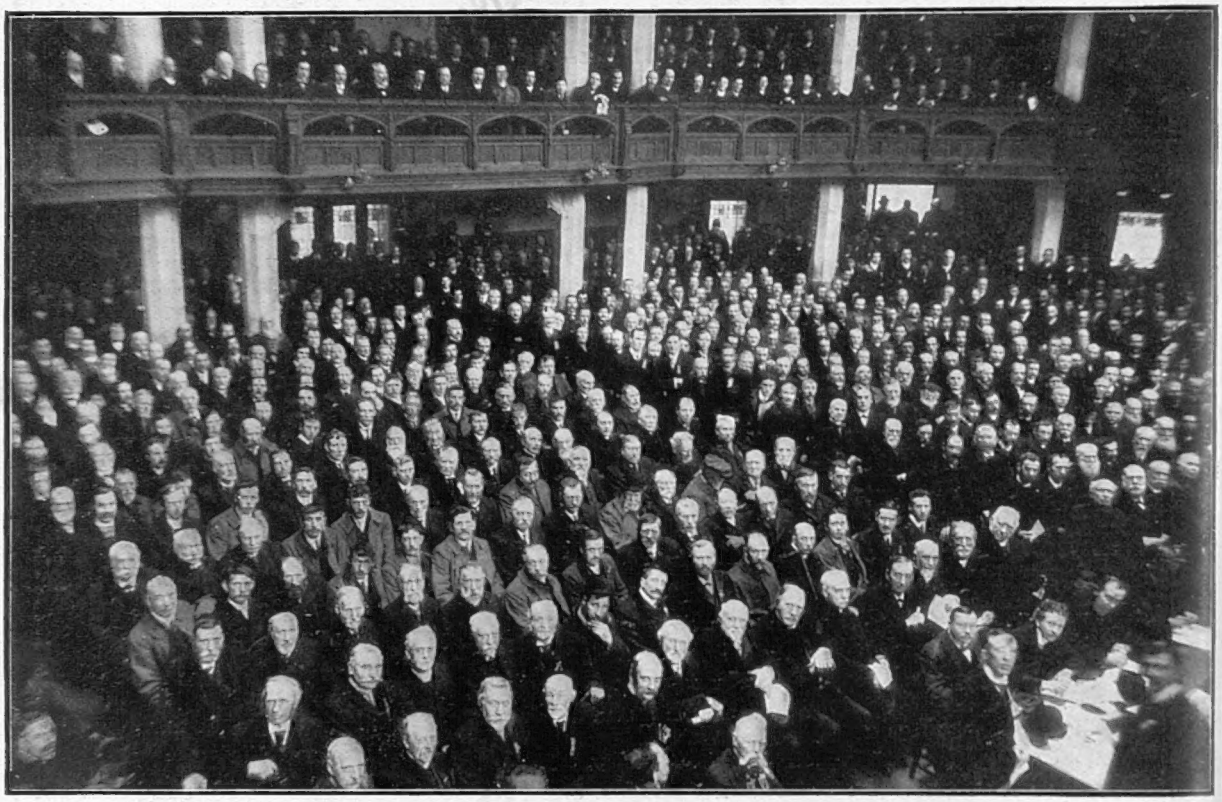
"Truth's" Kind Advice

THE discussion concerning the future of the pictorial weekly continues, I fear at our own instigation, in *Truth*. Once again last week we ventured to suggest that the average journal of that class "does not, as a general rule, make a sufficiently strong appeal to the reading public." *Truth* is entirely with us on the point, and suggests that the best thing is "not to trust too much to pictures" . . . we should make ourselves as much like non-pictorial papers as possible.

The Art of Reading—and Skipping

ALL I can say is that, if a reading-man with a well-trained eye likes to acquire the habit, it really is possible to read BYSTANDER comments and criticisms, even as he does those of *Truth*, without being specially troubled by the pictures. He may skip the portraits of "Society ladies and actresses, etc.." about which *Truth* is so contemptuous, just as, I daresay, he skips a good many things he finds in the non-pictorial weeklies, among them, possibly, lengthy financial supplements, leading articles on the careers of obscure swindlers and Indian Army canteen scandals, and paragraphs correcting the trivial errors of unnamed Society papers.



WILL MR. CHURCHILL CONVERT THEM? ANTI-HOME RULERS IN CONVENTION

This picture is of a great meeting in the Assembly Hall, Belfast, one of many composing a great convention representing the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, summoned together to express unalterable hostility to Home Rule

"Making Capital out of Funerals"

ARE we, by the way, the only paper that has recently "got an advertisement out of somebody else's funeral"? I think *Truth's* commentary on the career of its famous founder brought a little excellent grist to its own mill, while THE BYSTANDER was certainly not the *first* journal to "seek to make capital" out of the decease of a rival pictorial. Our still small voice was only raised during a lull in the blowing, by the undertakers, of their own trade trumpet, and it was raised by the request of those enterprising gentlemen themselves. If the Press and public have chosen to notice our reply, and to give us also an advertisement out of the dismal business, we must accept the inevitable, and promise not to do it again until the next time.

Royalty Among the Republicans

THE CONNAUGHTS' ENJOYABLE VISIT TO NEW YORK CITY

tographs

THE DUKE AND PRINCESS PATRICIA

Riverside Drive, New York, after inspecting the tomb of General Grant

International News Service

THE DUCHESS AND HER HOST

On her right is Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the Ambassador, on her left Mr. J. P. Morgan, jun.

Photograph *American Press*

IMPRESSING THE VISITORS WITH THE CITY'S SPLENDOURS

The Duchess (on the right) and Princess Patricia (on the left) on the top of the Metropolitan Tower

Photographs *Underwood*

STUDIES IN EXPRESSION

Princess Patricia's expression does not commit her, but the Duke seems "real pleased"

Aux Lorgnettes

A BYSTANDER'S PEEPS AT PASSING PERSONALITIES

The Late Duke of Fife

ESSENTIALLY a sweet-natured, kindly man, and, in his youth, at least, a very gay one, it was doubtless in part owing to the somewhat anomalous position of the late Duke of Fife as non-Royal husband of the Princess Royal of England that he carried to even greater lengths than his Royal wife that excessive desire for a positively monastic privacy that is the most salient characteristic of the family. Mar Lodge, the Duke's only remaining Scottish seat, is extraordinarily secluded, and to render it even more so the Duke saw to it that wherever possible his tenants had only skylights and not windows in their first floor rooms so as to guard against any possibility of his grounds being overlooked.

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Recluses

Neither the late Duke recently nor his wife or daughters ever were known either to the "Man in the Street" or Society at large, and Lady Farquhar and Lady Cadogan are the only hostesses I can call to mind at whose houses the Fife Princesses were allowed to indulge in pastimes usually considered suitable to their age. Yet the late Duke, at any rate, was very fond of the theatre and the opera, and really took in many matters charitable and Imperial a keen interest, which was, apparently, not shared by his family, whose public appearances may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

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A Man of Business

The biographies of "The Thane," otherwise the late brother-in-law of the King, have not dwelt so much as perhaps they should on the picturesque and significant fact that he was in business, and so provided a definite connection of the Royal family with commerce. It was natural that King Edward VII., who chose so many of his associates among financiers and merchant princes, like Sir Ernest Cassel and Mr. Reuben Sassoon, and who had even been betrayed into patronising Mr. Whitaker Wright, should accept as his son-in-law a banker whom he had petted as a little boy on Deeside. Lord Farquhar's partner in Sir Samuel Scott and Co., of Cavendish Square (now amalgamated with Parr's), had become an intimate friend of the late King, and I have heard that, in the early 'eighties, he devoted himself for a whole evening to the Princess (now Queen Alexandra), whom he squired about, as a dutiful friend of the family not yet accepted as a son-in-law, through a ball, whilst the then Prince of Wales was fulfilling other social duties."

HIS GRACE THE LATE DUKE OF FIFE

Photograph *Corbett*

Who died last Monday week

SIR JOHN HENNIKER HEATON, Bt.

Photograph *Lafayette*

Who has accepted a title at last

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Persuaded at Last

So Mr. Henniker Heaton has at last been prevailed upon to accept a baronetcy. For many years he has been very diffident to receive honours, but, still, the present Government seems to have a way of overcoming all possible scruples. Sir John has certainly done us all immense benefit by concentrating attention on the need for cheaper and cheaper postage. He is certainly not a man who could be said to stick at trifles. I remember meeting him once at a dinner shortly after the fatal General Election of 1906. Sir John had learned, it appears, of Mr. Balfour's resignation and of the Dissolution while in the remote wilds of New Zealand. He packed up his traps and returned to England immediately, arriving in his constituency on polling day, just in time to be elected.

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A Postal Story

Talking of postal affairs, the following story reaches me from Switzerland, but I do not vouch for its accuracy. A visitor to Mürren was accosted by a dark-looking gentleman in the hotel lobby and asked what time a letter posted then would reach London. "I really don't know," he replied. "Perhaps the *concierge* will tell you." The stranger disappeared, but a little later on the other gentleman, thinking he had seen the inquirer's face before, asked the *concierge* who he was. "That," was the reply, "is Monsieur Samuel, the Postmaster-General."

A Popular Commander

Though he would, of course, be the first, as in duty bound, to deny the soft impeachment, there are, I should think, few more popular men in the Army to-day than Brigadier-General the Hon. E. J. Montagu Stuart-Wortley, General Officer Commanding the Shorncliffe Camp. Though, as everyone knows, the keenest of militarists, he is also, as an enthusiastic Shorncliffite writes me, "a *champion* entertainer," and hardly within living memory has Shorncliffe enjoyed itself so much as it did at the "Grand Variety Entertainment" got up by the General last month, while to say the thing was done "in style" is to put it much too mildly.

BRIG.-GEN. E. J. M. STUART-WORTLEY

Commander-in-Chief at Shorncliffe Camp

High Jinks at Shorncliffe

Bagpipes, a real live duchess, "classic" dancing, songs by Mrs. Walter Rubens in pink, on turns by some nice men, banquets, mysterious gifts in little boxes—"oh," to quote again my correspondent, "*what* a night!" I was positively goggled when the duchess of Westminster appeared in rags, a clinging "sweater," a short skirt, bare feet and legs, and her raven locks all hanging down her back, while there is always a certain amount of fearful joy about "classic" dancing—you never know *quite* what may happen, so to speak. In this room the General's daughters and several other fair Folkestonian maidens took part; and another popular feature of the entertainment was the "turn" of the Seaforth Highlanders — wildly encored! As my special correspondent says, "Some people adore bagpipes. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* And, of course, their playing was the best of its kind—if you can tolerate their kind—and so was their dancing."

MR. ALFRED SUTRO

Camera portrait by *Hoppé*

Whose new play, "The Fire-Screen," is produced this week

The Author of "The Fire-Screen"

Mr. Alfred Sutro, one of the several playwrights of the week, with whose new play, *The Fire-Screen*, Mr. Bourchier returns to management at the Garrick Theatre to-night, is a Cockney born and bred, and he lives where so many of the successful Bohemians live—in Regent's Park, in a big Regent's Park house in real Regent's Park style. His father, a City doctor, had in him that part Spanish, part Portuguese, part Hebrew blood that flows in the veins of the Disraelis, the Montefiores, and the Pineros, and makes invariably for success—somehow, and he is married to the clever artist-sister of that cleverest of lawyers, Sir Rufus Isaacs, the Attorney-General.

LORD STANMORE

Photograph *Lafayette*

Who succeeded his late father at the age of forty-one

A Gladstone Peer—And His Son

The new and second Lord Stanmore, Mr. George Hamilton Gordon, who succeeds his father at the age of forty-one, has, up to now, followed the rôle held down the ages by the sons of clever fathers, whose lives have been packed tight with work and incident. He has not, so far, taken part in public affairs, and he has now retired from the Army, in which he held a captaincy in his titular regiment, the Gordon Highlanders. The first Lord Stanmore, who was an uncle of Lord Aberdeen, and son of that Earl of Aberdeen who was Prime Minister in the 'fifties (with Mr. Gladstone for his Chancellor of the Exchequer), was one of those great Empire-builders the Victorian age seemed to breed. For thirty years he held office in the Colonies, and became, perhaps, best known to fame as Sir Arthur Gordon, that first Governor of Fiji and Commissioner of the Pacific who earned dire unpopularity from his planter countrymen for his just and fearless protection of the gentle native, considered, before his advent, as the Britisher's "perks."

A Friend of Gladstone

It was Lord Stanmore who accompanied Mr. Gladstone to the Ionian Isles on that memorable expedition which had its sequel in the cession of those islands to Greece, and he made one of that delightful party on the *Pembroke Castle* when even Gladstone and Tennyson put aside their importance and became happy trippers in Norway and Denmark. The Stanmore residence is at Ascot—the Red House—where the late Lord built a very fine church in memory of his wife. Though of Gladstonian origin, this particular branch of the "Gay Gordons" are Tories, the first Earl having renounced his early political faith at the time of the Home Rule split. The new Lord Stanmore goes in with extreme seriousness for art, and has a studio in Cheltenham Terrace.

THE MUDDLE-AGED MAN

[NOTE—*The Editor must not be supposed to endorse the opinions of his youthful correspondent.*]

AFTER a few weeks as your Swiss correspondent, I return to town—and my train. The latter gives me more furiously to think than ever before. If I sent along a tenth part of my thoughts you would have to extend my space out of all reason. So I send along an extract from Thought No. 10. It deals with the problem of the man who, this morning, is seated opposite me. He got in at—never mind where. It's where they all get in, men of his type. He is fat, fifty, and the father of a family. His complexion is coarse; his neck is short. He has a violent cold, and entered the carriage coughing violently. When he entered he was smoking a cigarette. The more he smoked, the more violent his paroxysms of coughing. At last he came to the end of his cigarette with another explosion. Did he stop smoking? Not he. This man of fifty, with a short neck, this father of a family, had no sooner put out his cigarette than he filled and lighted a pipe. The coughing grew worse, and the more he coughed the more furiously he smoked.

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The problem of this man amazes me by the very fact that it exists. Why is it that a man of fifty, a business man, with a wife and family dependent on him (I know he has, because he has said so often enough on previous journeys), when he has a violent bronchial catarrh, does not help his chance of getting rid of it by stopping smoking for a day or two? Were a young bachelor to be guilty of such a piece of criminal and suicidal folly, he would hear of it from everybody, and it would be put down to the folly of youth. Why do we hear nothing about the folly of age—of muddle age? I am in a position to swear that the average youth of to-day is a perfect Solon of wisdom as to taking care of himself compared with the average man of muddle age. I have seen, over and over again, this spectacle of the man of fifty with an ailment doing all he can to make it worse. It is the muddle-aged man, not the youth, who to-day poisons himself with alcohol, over-eats himself, over-walks, over-plays, over-dresses in summer, under-dresses in winter. It is the muddle-aged man who is the mainstay of dissipation. It is he who sits up half the night in the club drinking, smoking, and retailing loathsome vulgarities which so shock the sensitive ears of youth that a young man rarely stays in any club after eleven.

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It is the muddle-aged man who is the mainstay of that elaborate fraud, Freemasonry, with its sleeve-worn sincerity, its stiff-fronted good-fellowship. It is the muddle-aged man who keeps going those barbaric survivals, the City Company dinners. It is the muddle-aged man whose guzzling appetite compels wretched *restaurateurs* to make indigestibility the keynote of their daily menu and makes French cooking a luxury only to be enjoyed by youth with powers of exploration. It is the muddle-aged man whose requirements compel music-hall managements to allow their premises to be the resort of the *demi-monde*, and that its business be not too much disturbed, to maintain a dead level of inanity in their programmes. It is the muddle-aged man whose vulgar tastes still make Pantomime impossible for the young.

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But that is the farcical side of the picture. There is a tragic side, too. What is the proportion of bankrupts and defaulters who are muddle-aged? Is it not only too often that one hears of the breakdown of A — or B—— between fifty and sixty, almost solely as a consequence of over-indulgence in drink or inability to attend to affairs because of dyspepsia?

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These remarks, probably, will strike many men (themselves middle-aged) as sweeping and as asserting a moral superiority on the part of the younger generation. I do not call the majority of middle-aged men muddle-aged. Obviously that were absurd. There are thousands of men in the fifties who have, thank goodness, learned in time the lesson of the New Way of Life which has been set them by their juniors. They, too, have given up eating unhealthy food, taking abnormal quantities of drink, belonging to absurd clubs and societies, and frequenting places of disreputable amusement. They live simple, sensible lives in sanitary houses, and do NOT smoke when they have bronchial catarrh (which, generally speaking, they have not). What I assert is that there is far too large a proportion of muddle-aged men among the middle-aged. There are far too many men who have carried into their forties and fifties habits and follies they should have dropped in their thirties, and which the younger generation never acquires at all.

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Goodness knows, Mr. Editor, I do not belong to the Noble Army of Prudes. I have no word to say against anybody enjoying himself. I am neither a teetotaler nor a non-smoker, nor an anti-anything. What I criticise are forms of "enjoyment" which men do not enjoy, but which they indulge in simply and solely out of regard for the convivial convention of a bygone age. Their intellects are so warped by habit that they cannot perceive that, by a new and simplified way of life, they will earn the ridicule only of those whose esteem is not worth having, and that, in exchange, they will gain the power to prolong their lives happily and to enjoy the real, and not the feigned, respect of their juniors.

JOURNEYMAN

WINTER SPORT—WHAT ABOUT IT?
An outside contribution (from the Engadine) to this Series of Articles will be found on page 298

Popularity—Official and Unofficial

tograph] MORE BEAUTIFULLY UNANIMOUS THAN EVER! ABOUT PERSIA? *[Bulla*

T... English Parliamentarians at the National Club, St. Petersburg, with Deputies of the Imperial Duma and Imperial Privy Councillors. T... visit is supposed to have cemented the "mutual understanding, trust, and respect between two mighty countries." A beautiful official p... se! Whatever may be the view of our Foreign Office, Englishmen generally do not understand a policy which began by guaranteeing Persian independence and proceeded immediately to destroy it

PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE'S POPULARITY

Each year on the birthday of the German Emperor, the usual daily military ceremonies (at which the orders of the day are read and the password issued) are performed in special state, the Princes of the Imperial House being present. Our photograph shows the Crown Prince passing through the crowd of enthusiastic sightseers to reach his palace, and leaves no room for doubt as to his popularity with the masses

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

EVERYBODY hopes that Mr. Birrell will publish a new volume of *Obiter Dicta* when this Belfast affair is over. If he can but recall a few of the words he let fall when he heard Winston was going to speak there, our English vocabulary is bound to be enriched.

* * *

Of course, Mr. Birrell will never really be able to have his revenge for the anxiety he has been put to. His only possible chance would be to persuade Winston to become Irish Secretary, and then get Mr. Lloyd George to go over and tell the Ulster men what a fine thing Home Rule is, and how jolly it would be to get fourpence for ninepence—from Mr. Redmond.

* * *

A committee of social reformers and school-teachers have attended an exhibition in New York of "The Turkey Trot" and "The Shiver Dance," and have decided that both must be banned. That had to be no doubt; but, anyway, the reformers and school-marms have had one crowded hour of glorious life.

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It is said that the dancers who performed before them "threw their arms about each other, jogged, swayed sinuously, and hugged tightly." Obviously, these are not dances for social reformers, who would find very few partners willing to go so far with them.

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During the past few days it has been quite common for naval men, who dislike being censored, to ask one another, "Have you read 'The Betrayal.' By 'Dear Old Charley'?"

* * *

Die Post took occasion of the Kaiser's birthday last week to advise him, in the interests of Germany, to start a war. It is a purely domestic matter, of course, but if we were the Kaiser, we should, in the interests of Germany, open with a little punitive expedition against—*Die Post*.

* * *

As a matter of fact, the Kaiser merely created two new Orders. There are quite a lot of Imperial Orders already, but there cannot be too many, as every fresh one must give employment to a number of working-men, thereby keeping them contented and preventing them from becoming wicked Social Democrats.

* * *

There must be a soft spot in the Lord Chamberlain's heart, after all, for, though he has had to be down on some of the bigger theatres, he has treated the Little one kindly.

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"Pell-mell"—according to Nuttall's Dictionary—means "with confused violence." Radicals maintain that it is in order to make it true to name that Mr. Garvin has taken over the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

* * *

A contemporary declares that a notorious brigand chief who has just been released after undergoing forty-six years' imprisonment for murder was horrified on first seeing a man riding a bicycle. Bicycling is pretty awful, but, after all, it isn't as bad as murdering, and we think the brigand's sentiment exaggerated.

* * *

Madame Bernhardt has stated to an interviewer that "a lady should have the last word in her dress." This seems fair enough, and, from a man's point of view, the only difficulty about the matter is that her last word is always the same. "I must have," she concludes, "another."

THE IMPOSSIBLE HAPPENS

"Got a part where you can show yer face? I don't believe yer"
"It's true. I'm the watch-dawg at the old farm 'ouse"

(By Alfred Leete)

A Passing Squall

BY LAWSON WOOD

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE" AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

THIS is a Problem Play. There is, first of all, Archie Graham, acted by Mr. Owen Nares, whose name is new to me, but whose art is a delightful revelation. Archie is sent to the Rev. Mr. Pemberton's house to be coached for the Bar, and at once becomes on good terms with Mrs. Pemberton and her daughter Effie, the latter of whom falls in love with him on the spot. And so the weeks go by. Then there is a digression with a purpose. Mary Ann Lemmins, one of the girls from the village, has loved and trusted, and has, alas! been deceived. She comes to the Vicarage, and sobbingly explains to the clergyman that if only All had been explained to her in time by her mother, she would have known what she was doing. The Vicar agrees that Mary is right. Furthermore, he shudders at the thought that since his nineteen-year-old daughter Effie has never yet been told All, she might, but for the grace of Heaven, be even as Mary Ann Lemmins. He, therefore, resolves that Mrs. Pemberton shall tell All to Effie at once.

The next act brings us to Archie's bedroom at seven in the morning. On the previous day he went to London to dine with an old college chum, with whom he has stayed the night, returning by an early train. So he tells the Vicar on his return. Further details are naturally given with discreet obscurity, but the one thing that is perfectly clear is that the young man did not spend the night in a monastery. As soon as the Vicar has gone the Problem becomes acute. Effie, who has been keenly anxious to hear of Archie's adventures in London, creeps out of bed, and without waiting to dress, slips on a dressing-gown and comes to his room and sits on his bed with the laughter of childlike innocence, and says she wants to know all about it. As it happens, her mother has not yet had time to tell her All, and so she doesn't know there is anything unusual in the fact of a young lady paying a morning visit to her sweetheart in such very unconventional attire. I daresay Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, the author of this clever play, is right in his estimate of the cherubic simplicity of girls of nineteen, but I should never have guessed it myself. In my own experience, if you offer one of them your seat in a crowded railway carriage she will look you over very sharply before accepting the courtesy in order to satisfy herself that your intentions are honourable.

Archie is, of course, very much surprised, and as he himself has found out All without having to be told, he implores Effie to go away at once. He cannot very well explain to such a paragon of innocence why it would not do for her to be seen hugging him under such compromising circumstances, and while she is trying to get him to explain why she ought to go away, in walks Pa. I mean—well, there you are. What? Effie is summarily packed off, and the two men indulge in hard words, which culminate in an unseemly scuffle, and then the Vicar goes downstairs to inform his wife that in consequence of her neglect to tell Effie All yesterday it is now too late. Fortunately, it is not so bad as that; but the moral of the story is clear, and it is presented with the nicest art and the utmost delicacy by Mr. Kenyon and his very able company. The trying part of Effie is quite cleverly handled by Miss Margery Maude, who realises perfectly the author's ideal of charming innocence. I think this is the best work Miss Maude has done so far. *The Blindness of Virtue* is a play to be seen, and talked about.

Is It the Easiest Way?

Photograph] MISS SARAH BROOKE [*Lallie Charles*

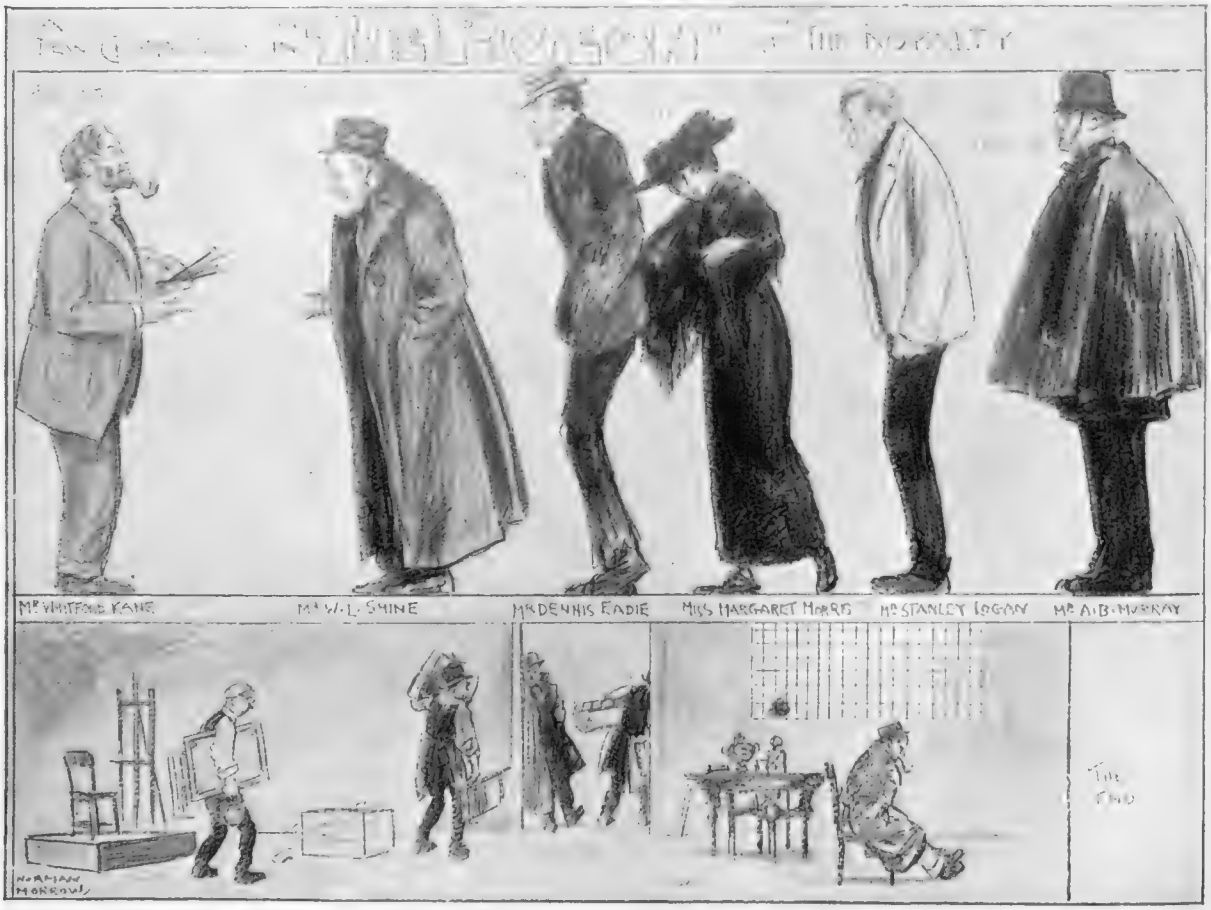
The well-known actress, who is starting for the first time in management by producing "The Easiest Way" at the Globe Theatre on February 10. In hoping that "The Easiest Way" will be successful, one wonders if theatrical management is the easiest way to fortune

"THE PIGEON" AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE

Mr. John Galsworthy is a man with a grim sense of humour; but there is plenty of room for a genius of his stamp, and, as the proverb says, the occasion always brings the gentleman along, or something of that sort. The hero of this play is what a well-known American Professor of Economics has called the Forgotten Man—that is, the man who pays while others are wrangling and jangling about the defects in our social system. He is the Pigeon to be eternally plucked. While the Parson and the Magistrate and the Economist are disputing with each other as to the right remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to, it is the Forgotten Man with the soft heart who supplies the necessary cup of cold water, in spite of the fact that, as one of the characters remarks, he cannot be a Christian because he has such a kind face!

Christopher Wellwyn is an artist with a studio in Chelsea—not, I believe, a unique position. When he has no money to give, he presents his card and invites a visit from the victim of fortune's frown; and it is due to this strange form of uncalculating charity that he receives a number of not altogether welcome visitors to his studio at the opening of the play. One of them is described as having been "once a cabman"; what he is now it is easy to see—simply an unemployable with an everlasting thirst. Him the artist helps with money and work, and is imposed upon in consequence. It is all very well for the artist's daughter to point out that indiscriminate charity is a crime; but you can't help being soft-hearted any more than you can help being a degenerate "work-shy." Another of the characters is a Frenchman, who crystallises this theory into the remark that the good God made him prefer a life of loafing vagabondage to sitting at a desk before an everlasting ledger. *C'est plus fort que moi!* This phrase, which Mr. Galsworthy translates literally, serves as the text of his homily.

So the story goes on, showing us lightly, humorously, but with remorseless logic, the utter helplessness of these people, and the equal helplessness of the Forgotten Man, who is obliged to take them under his wing and let them victimise him while the authorities are arguing as to the best method of dealing with the trouble. Many of the lines are pointed with delicious humour, but I should doubt whether the play is altogether one for a popular audience. The argument is too subtle and too elusive. It is presented as, indeed, the author claims for it, as a Fantasy; and though to many people it will be found all the more powerful for that, it is hardly a form of entertainment for that section of the Thinking Public that goes to the theatre only to be amused. It is the Frenchman (admirably played by Mr. Dennis Eadie) who complains that charitable institutions have no understanding of the human heart; and this complaint is, perhaps, the crux of the play's teaching. There is no place in our social system for the confirmed vagabond; but if a man cannot help being a confirmed vagabond, what are you going to do about it? The question is not answerable here, of course; and the only answer the play seems able to suggest is that the confirmed vagabond must go on sponging on some soft-hearted Forgotten Man who will go on paying to the end. The play, which is written in a delightfully easy strain, is suggestive of a whole library of political economy and social essays, and it is presented in a manner that does credit to all concerned. JINGLE

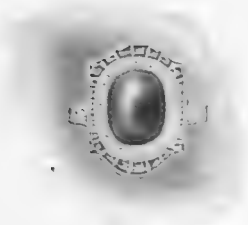


SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

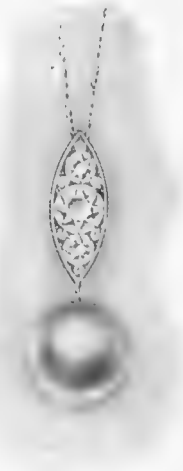
Deserting His Post

Chorus of Terrified Passengers: "We're falling! We're falling! Why doesn't the Captain do something?"
(N.B.—The Captain is marked with a cross!)

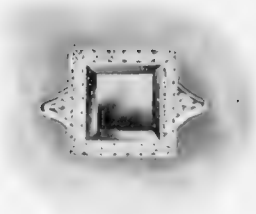
BY ARTHUR WATTS



Dainty ring; deep toned Tecla rubies and real diamonds.

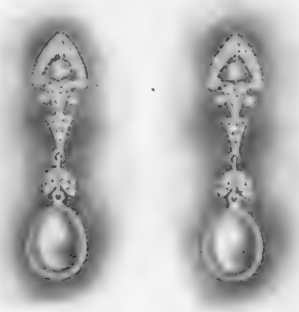


Pendant with Tecla pearl of rich lustre suspended from *motif* in diamonds.



Ring with table cut Tecla emerald surrounded with diamonds.

Scarfpin with Tecla *cabrés* emeralds and real diamonds.

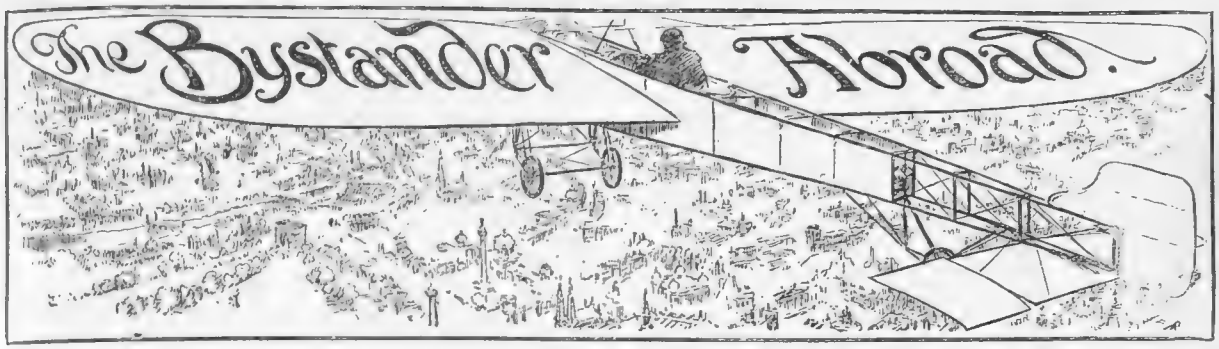


Graceful earrings, grey Tecla pearls and real diamonds.

Unique platinum scarfpin. Tecla sapphire and real diamonds.

Tecla sapphire pendant Platinum and diamonds.

INDIVIDUAL JEWELLED ORNAMENTS
BY THE *MAISON* TECLA.



PARIS SHOWS et AUTRES CHOSES

By JOHN N. RAPHAEL

An Aggravating Trick

SHE'S a perfectly charming girl, really, so that it's rather curious, is it not, that one always wants to stop her rosy little mouth after she has talked for half a dozen minutes? You are thinking that it is not at all extraordinary, if she really is a charming girl, but although I admit that it would be a pleasant one, I was not thinking of the same method as you were of stopping the little lady's flow of conversation. It has to be stopped, though, and often, for she has an aggravating trick which gets on people's nerves, and a good many people cultivate the trick when they have lived abroad a little. You know how it is. After you've lived in France a quarter of an hour, "Oh, la la!" seems ever so much more expressive than "My word!" So you adopt it, and use it. In course of time you learn that "*déjeuner*" means "lunch," and get a nodding acquaintance with several other French words. And then, my friends, if you are not extremely careful, you become a perfect nuisance. For gradually, and without noticing it, you do as the little lady does, and slip French words into your English talk, not because they are necessary to the clearness of what you want to say, but because you can't help it.

Unpardonable Mistakes

"YES, my dear, *figure-toi* that I saw a positive *amour* of a hat in the Rue de la Paix. It was too *chic* for anything." And a Frenchwoman with the same bad habit would, when talking of the self-same thing in French, be likely to remark, "Oui, ma chère, *fancy*, j'ai vu un vrai *darling* de chapeau dans la Rue de la Paix. C'était tout-à-fait *smart*." It isn't the least use suggesting nasty temper on my part, because you know lots of you are very much inclined to do this sort of thing. Some of you write it in your books, and even add to the offence by making mistakes in the French words and expressions which you use. For instance, in a book of memoirs I have just been reading, the writer mentions the anxiety of an artist to sing "*avant la reine*" at Windsor. It would have been just as comprehensible to most of us to be told that the singer was anxious to perform before the Queen, and anyhow, if it had to be written in French, it might just as well have been said correctly, for "*devant*" was, of course, the word to use. There are two separate reasons for the generality of English people's scanty knowledge of French and the generality of French people's scanty knowledge of English. The reason for the first is that no self-respecting Englishman thinks it quite self-respecting to attempt to use the same accent in French as the French use themselves. Don't shake your head at me, sir! You know perfectly well that you said yesterday that you had a "*pong-shong*" for olives. You might, of course, have said "liking," but then we shouldn't have known that you knew the French word. And if you had said "*penchant*," or had attempted to say it as French people do, your diaphragm would have twittered with the horrid certainty that Lady Vera thought you so beastly affected, doncherknow!

Photograph *Branger*

THE HOUSING PROBLEM IN PARIS

The wooden hut hastily erected in the Tuileries, and offered by the Tenants' Defence League to M. and Mme. Husson, who were unable to find a domicile owing to the largeness of their family. But, alas! the police stepped in and refused to allow them to take up their abode here. The Husson case is only one of many, for Paris landlords simply will not permit children to inhabit their houses

"Ouelle" and "Ouilekinz"

WHEN French people begin to talk a little English they make a mistake in exactly the opposite direction. Their sense of humour is so keen that instead of trying to pronounce English words as they think they should be pronounced they caricature our own pronunciation. A Frenchman can say "well" or "Wilkins" all right. If he saw the words spelled "ouelle" and "ouilekinz" he would pronounce them perfectly. But you will never persuade me that there is any excuse for messing up good English or good French with a lot of French or English words, half of which are frequently mis-spelled, misused, or ungrammatical. It is even worse in conversation than it is in the written word, I think. Ten years ago we ourselves were the only sinners. We liked to air a few French words in English conversation. Now the French do it too, and an American who has been in Paris for a fortnight will tell you seriously that she does it quite unconsciously (shes are the

worse offenders), because French words often "*expreem ler pongsy*" so much better. I don't believe they do. I don't believe there is any excuse, for instance, for Mademoiselle Gaby Deslys (if her highness will excuse me for bringing her into the quarrel) returning to Paris after eighteen weeks' stay in America and sporting an American accent. Mlle. Gaby's delightful French has the warmth of the Southern sun and the dear little "tang" of the Marseilles mistrel in it in its natural state, and that is good enough for me. I have been to Madeira on a round trip once, and spent a month in Portugal myself. But I don't talk English with Portuguese words in it, and I don't see why Gaby should talk about American journalists "*qui mâchonnent du shewing-guem.*" She might just as well have objected to their chewing "*de la gomme à mâcher,*" surely.

A NOVEL MOTOR-SLEIGH

Many successful experiments have been made at Steinhaus, Austria, with a motor-sleigh, drawn by a 14-16 horse-power, four-cylinder Laurin and Clement motor. The steering is effected by two shoes on the front, and two metal prongs put the brake power into operation

THE aggravating thing about this habit is that people who talk one or more foreign languages will never adopt it. They use one language at a time, express their meaning in it, and don't make a patchwork quilt of two. I have a mother and an aunt. (Don't think me boastful. I merely state this as a fact.) One of them tells me my shortcomings, when she feels that way, in seven languages, one after the other. The other one (I mean the aunt, not the other language) has never yet conveyed her whole meaning to me, for if she wished to tell you that the weather was fine, she would say, "It is a bright and *wunderschoener* day, *n'est-ce pas?*" JOHN N. RAPHAEL

A Horrid Habit

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

A CONSTITUTION FOR THE STAGE

GERMANY will soon give England another cause for jealousy by possessing a Theatre Law. For the first time in history there will exist a comprehensive enactment governing the Stage in all its relations, both as concerns State and public and as concerns the Theatre as employer of labour. Two years ago, on the initiative of a Reichstag Freisinn member, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg promised to introduce a Theatre Bill, and just now a committee representing all interests is engaged in preparing the raw material.

The Stage and the Law

HERE Germany is copying Austria. Austria began first, and had it not been for last year's Reichsrat dissolution, would probably already have her Theatre Law in force. As it is, the Austrian Bill is in print, and is being taken as model by the Germans. It is a revolutionary, enlightened, and all-embracing enactment, which, once and for all, does away with the Continental ideal that the State, *via* police censorship, has a right to interfere in Stage matters.

A Great Reform

HENCEFORTH, in Austria, all Stage matters will be taken out of the hands of the administrative authorities and police and entrusted to special Stage Councils. Vienna will have a supreme Stage Council, which will be attached to the Ministry of the Interior. It will consist of four members, two of whom must have respectively official and judicial qualifications, while two more must be specially qualified to represent the Theatre. The members will be unpaid and independent of official pressure, and without their consent no administrative Acts whatsoever can be taken.

A Select Council

THE Supreme Theatre Council at Vienna will deal with Theatre matters concerning Austria generally. The local, detailed work will be entrusted to subordinate Theatre Councils, one for every Austrian province; or, where several languages are spoken, one for each language. These local Theatre Councils will be licensing and censoring authorities. *De facto*, the censorship will disappear, because the law abolishes the right of prohibition at discretion. The Councils may forbid a piece "only when the production would in itself be a criminally punishable offence," and the onus is laid on them to show what passages or acts in the play would be criminally punishable if spoken or performed. Henceforth one-sided contracts, under which an actor agrees to take shorter notice than he contracts to give the manager, are void. That is, the longer notice is to be binding on both parties.

Exit the Censor

THE number of grounds upon which an actor is dismissible is cut down. A manager may not dismiss him for refusing a rôle unsuitable or below his rank as artist. Towards the expiry of their engagements, actors must be given freedom to attend rehearsals in other theatres, even if their agreements compel them to play during the day-time. Actors who fall ill may not be summarily got rid of, nor may actresses, married or unmarried, who absent themselves in order to present Austria with little actors or actresses. It is made illegal to bind an actress with less than £400 a year salary to supply her own costumes. This Theatre Bill was drawn up by Dr. Karl Urban at the request of the Reichsrat Committee, of which he is member. It may become law during the present year, and in that case, unless Germany gets through her Bill quicker, it will be the first Theatre Law in Europe.

Happier Actors

In Graceful Memory

CANNES' APPROPRIATELY ARTISTIC TRIBUTE TO KING EDWARD VII.

Photograph *Van Ubke', Cannes*

This magnificent statue of King Edward VII., which is shortly to be unveiled at Cannes, the resort wh'ch owes so much of its popularity to his late Majesty, shows the King as a yachtsman, while bas reliefs at the base represent the regatta and the battle of flowers. When Prince of Wales, the late King often took part in the regattas with his yacht "Britannia." The monument is the work of the celebrated sculptor, Denys Puech. The French Government have invited the attendance of a detachment of the British Fleet at the fortnight's fêtes to be held on the Riviera. These are being arranged in honour of the "entente cordiale," when, in addition to that of King Edward's at Cannes, a statue of Queen Victoria will be unveiled at Nice

Time's Revenge on The

STRIKING CHANGES IN THE APPEARANCE OF O

Our photographs represent five of the busiest members of the Cabinet, Mr. George, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Churchill, Sir [illegible] suggest that Time has, in any way, disfigured their countenances—but he has certainly made his influence

(Our photographs of Mr. George are by Elliott and Fry and Hoppé; Mr. Asquith by Elliott and Fry and Raines and Co.;

Who War against Him.

ORKED MINISTERS SINCE THEY FIRST TOOK OFFICE

and the Earl of Crewe, as they were at about the time they took office, six years ago, and as they are now. We do not
is only to be expected seeing how fierce a battle has been conducted against him by this Ministry in a hurry

By Russell and Sons; Sir Edward Grey by Russell and Sons and Campbell-Gray; and Lord Crewe by Haines and Campbell-Gray)

Riviera Notes

QUITE an exciting incident occurred at a restaurant at Monte Carlo the other morning. It is a nice, quiet little restaurant boasting no band, and consequently popular with those who like an occasional dose of peace. There were quite a number of people lunching, and everyone was talking in that sort of semi-whisper one uses in music-less eating-places. Then, suddenly, up jumped a man at one of the tables, and with a shout of "Great Heavens!" rushed to the door. All the rest of us jumped up and rushed too. "What is it?" we shouted as one man and woman. "What is it; what is it?" screamed the disturber of our peace. "Haven't you got eyes? Look, look up there!" We looked, and a wonderful sight met our astonished gaze. We saw the sun!

The Sun and Sin

In the ordinary way, to see the sun is more or less what you come to the Sunny South for. At least, people pretend it is. In reality they come to eat, drink, and, above all, to gamble. But the sun is always made the excuse. Like charity, he covers a multitude of sins. And, as a rule, he is really most obliging, shining all day long, and only resting now and then for a day or two when he thinks people are getting tired of him. But this year there has been something wrong with him, and he sulked all through January, thus not only depriving us of all excuse to do what we ought not to do, but making us do it to excess. Happily, after creating a record by his prolonged absence, the sun reappeared at the end of the month—and all is well again.

Photograph *Knox*

THE ROAD TO THE SOUTH

This view is typical of a "Route Nationale" road in France, where the giant poplars grow on either side. It is down avenues like this that thousands speed to the Riviera and the sun

Belated Pleasures

At least, all is more or less well, for one never can make up for lost time, they say, and we've lost lots of it! By the time this sees print they may be playing polo; they ought to have begun three weeks ago, but couldn't. Golf matches, tennis matches, to say nothing of croquet, have had to be postponed, excursions have been out of the question, and, what is worst of all, people who came to make a long stay grew disgusted and went home. However, there is plenty of recuperative force about the Riviera, and all may yet be well.

The Celebrities

With the bad weather to keep people away, we have been quite hard-up for celebrities, chief among whom has been Mr. Arthur Balfour, who, finding Cannes rather dull during the damp days, changed his quarters to Monte Carlo, where he has been seen in all the usual haunts, including the Hotel de Paris and the Sporting Club. He has also, of course, climbed Mont Agel to try the new links, which are none the better for the soaking, and they say that he was seen in the Rooms surreptitiously slipping on a louis. Another celebrity of a lesser degree is Lord Nunburnholme, who is often to be found at the "shoot." The other day a local caricaturist was at the Tir, and asked him whether he'd like a drawing of himself. "How much?" asked his lordship. The artist named his price. "H'm," was the reply. "That's rather high. But I'll tell you what I'll do. If I win this next pool, I'll give you double, and if I lose it you'll do the drawing for nothing." The artist walked sadly away. He had seen his prospective sitter shoot.

The Road-Tunnels of Switzerland

MOTORING THROUGH THE GREAT ROCK TUNNEL OF THE AXENSTRASSE
The road is 400ft. above Lake Lucerne (Brunnen-Altdorf), and is hewn out of the mountains

Photographs *Knox*

THE GREAT WINTER GALLERY ON THE SIMPLON PASS

The above photographs show two good examples of the many road-tunnels to be found on nearly all of the Swiss Passes. In the summer season the outer road is used by travellers, but in winter-time, owing to its exposure to avalanches, the open road is often impassable. Thus the necessity for the rock galleries

The Critical Attitude

Applied to the Affairs of the World in General

By Ford Madox Hueffer

THE GAME AND PLAY OF GOLF

Golf as a Rest-Cure

When I was a boy of fourteen I first played golf on the little links at Southwold; when I was just twice that age I did the Buster in two. Since that date I have never wanted to play golf. I do not say that I have never played, and to-morrow, probably, I shall be wearily digging the mud in the shadow of some unfinished imitation of the Eiffel Tower, or near some waterworks or gasometer. But I do not in the least want to do it; it is the sort of dreary suburban fate that inevitably pursues the brain-worker or the professional man of this great city of London. For golf is not a game for a gentleman; it is a rest-cure for persons employed for ever in piecing together the irritating little intangible matters that go to make up the life we live. I spend most of my time just now in thinking about foreign politics, and it is like a horrid puzzle. Where, for instance, are we to fit M. Delcassé in? What, really, are we to think of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg or of the group of financiers whom we may well believe to control him? Are we to think that the commercial *entente* between France and Germany which M. Caillaux engineered behind the backs of his Cabinet—as I have again and again predicted and explained to quite deaf ears—are we to believe that that is an accomplished fact? Will the Senate ratify that treaty for which, during twenty-five years, the Emperor has so sedulously and so wisely striven? And, if the Senate ratifies it, does the Franco-German commercial *entente* mean the end of the Anglo-French agreement which is called *cordiale?*

Worse Than Politics

I sit in my chair and think of these puzzling and harrowing things, and then a voice says in my ear: "You sit still too long. You are getting too fat. Get up and go and play golf." And just before Christmas I obeyed this imperious voice. I got up and played golf. That is to say, I took some lessons from the professional. And I had not been playing four minutes before the professional said: "I shall never forget, sir, how you did the Buster in two," and immediately he added: "And with the cleek too!". I indignantly denied the cleek, but he held me to it. I maintained that it had been done with a driver and a brassie. But no, a cleek it had to be. In those old days I had been a diligent but not enthusiastic golfer. Enthusiasm and golf do not go together; golf is a cold-blooded scheming pursuit, which is what, chiefly, I have against it. It is even worse than political economy, and much, much worse than mere politics.

The Buster in Two

But I had been playing three rounds a day for two months, and I was pretty fit. It was a monthly medal day, and there was a man who wanted me to score for him, so I took a cleek and knocked along beside him. And I did the Buster in two—with two cleek shots. I have done the Buster at other times—twice in four, three times in five, and several times in from nine to twenty-seven. It is a sort of a mountain. I hit up to the top of it and about twenty yards beyond. The ball was nicely teed up, and I hit it down the mountain on the other side towards the invisible hole. The ball went out of sight, and in due course we spent a minute or so in searching for it. But the man I was scoring for was in a hurry, and we went on. When he holed out, my ball was lying in the hole. That was the end of my golf. I bore up against it for a fortnight, but it was impossible. For I was the man who did the Buster in two. And after that every stroke I did was a torture. If I foozled, the caddies, and my opponents, would say behind their breaths: "*That* man never did the Buster in two." If I drove a fairly long ball—and in those days I could drive about the longest ball of the club, though I was never much good at approaching—they would say: "Pretty middling. But *that's* not the sort of stroke to do the Buster in two with." So I gave up golf.

Not a Game

For golf is not a game. It is a thing you play; a profession for Scotsmen and a rest-cure for the professional classes. God knows, I will play any game from rounders to fives. If I had my deserts I would have a large house in the country, with stabling for twenty hunters. And I would hunt seven months out of the year, five days a week, and for five months I would play country-house cricket, with lawn tennis when one could not get two teams together. Yes, any game is good enough for me. I do not want to think about Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg; I've got to. (The Socialists have swept the countries of High Germany and Low.) But I have played spillikins for hours in Belgian restaurants, and I have made a draught-board with a pencil out of a bit of the *Daily Telegraph*, and have played draughts whilst waiting three hours for a train, sitting in a dusty hedge-row outside the station of Vendome, or somewhere near there, in France—draughts with bits of carrot for the blacks and roadside pebbles for the whites. Why, the other day we had a long wait at Frankfort, and we sat in front of a café and played Spoil Five with a Scat pack.

Presently, up came a policeman, and told us that Poker was forbidden in every country of Germany except the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg. (Germany has these oddnesses; thus, in Prussia, you may not smoke in a restaurant car, but you may in every German State.) So we said we were not playing Poker, but Verdorberne Fuenf. He went away and we began to play Poker because he had put it into our heads. After a time the policeman came back and said that he had inquired of the Chief of Police and that Spoil Five was forbidden too. So we said that we were not playing Spoil Five any more, and he went away regretfully.

An Excellent Training

But golf is not a game. It is a thing that is good for you. It is a training for downing an opponent; that is why the Scots invented it along with John Knox and the Shorter Catechism. Personally, I would rather lose any game against any individual opponent, just as, though I revel in lawsuits and have always two or three on hand, I feel rather sick when I win them, as I generally do. But golf—that long, breathless watching of another man—is the excellent thing that sets Scotsmen on the front benches of politics and the North Pole of things generally. Personally, I will play for a side—I think I would even bet for my side; but in an individual game I never want to do better than run the other fellow to one up and one. But golf, just because it demands this breathless concentration, is so extraordinarily good for you. If you are a cold fish or a Scotsman you like it, and what you like is always good for you. If you are a person of generous enthusiasms, it stops them off for the time being, and that is extraordinarily good for you. For you cannot play golf and think of any other weariness under the sun. You may stand at the tee and reflect on the woes of Mary Queen of Scots if that is your job; you may sit in the pavilion and wonder what Mahawales are doing. Why you can do that even at the covert-side. But with golf, No. You have to think, "There is the ball. This club is a driver; I must stand rather far back; I must go up slowly; I must not pause at the top of my swing; I must not press; I must follow the swing through; I must keep my eye on the ball; I must keep my eyes on the ball; I must keep my eyes on the ball." And then you strike, and then you say, "Damn it, what the devil did I do wrong then?" and then the caddie says: "Took yer eye off the ball, sir," and you go hurrying after the idiotic bit of dirty white with the bit chipped out of it, and you try to memorise all the things that you will have to do when you try to hit it again.

Effect on the Exchequer

And you forget all about King Charles's head, and the rubber market, and your troublesome Chancery case, and your patients, and to-morrow's sermon; and you get fresh air tempered with the breath of brickfields, and you take a new lease of life. That is why Chancellors of the Exchequer and British heirs curse the Play, not the Game, of golf; 800,999 wealthy men of sixty are kept indefinitely alive by it. Seventy thousand and forty K.C.'s, and solicitors, and Harley Street practitioners are heartened against retirement by it. For the sake of the young aspirants and the death duties, there ought to be a law against it. Now, if Mr. Lloyd George. . . But at this point of my reflections a voice breaks into my quiet room—a voice saying sweetly enough, but masterfully: "You have sat there long enough. Your convexity increases. Get up and go and have a round." And I am going, though the early afternoon papers have some really startling news about France and Germany.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

Photograph *Colmar Wocke*

MIXED BATHING IN JANUARY! A DAILY SCENE AT HUMEWOOD, PORT ELIZABETH, SOUTH AFRICA

"She Sailed a Wintry Sea"

ICE-YACHTING ON THE SHREWSBURY (NEW JERSEY)

"ALL HANDS ON DECK"—BECAUSE THERE'S NOWHERE ELSE TO GO

THE ice-yacht is the fastest thing propelled by means of sails in the whole world. Her hull consists of little more than a framework in the shape of a cross mounted on three runners like overgrown skates, two of which are placed at the extremities of the arms of the cross and the third at its foot. The runner at the foot (which corresponds to the stern of a boat, the head of the cross being the bow) is pivoted and serves as a rudder, which is controlled by the helmsman with a tiller in the same manner as on shipboard. The framework supports a deck, round which runs a low gunwale, and on this deck the crew sit or lie as shown in the upper of our two illus rations.

These craft are usually rigged with one mast, which is stepped at the junction of the arms with the stem of the cross, and carry one large mainsail or a mainsail and jib. In America and Canada, where the sport of ice-yachting was started some fifty years ago, the thickness of the ice admits of very large yachts being built, some of them, in spite of their comparatively light construction, weighing a ton or more. In this country it is, of course, seldom that any stretch of water sufficiently large for the pastime gets frozen over—the Lake District being, perhaps, the best place of any—and our ice is never thick enough to bear the weight of a yacht of more than six or eight hundredweight.

Photographs *Paul Thompson*

GOING—LITERALLY—AT FULL TILT WITH ONE RUNNER IN THE AIR

An ice-yacht is sailed somewhat differently from a seagoing boat, for the resistance she offers to the ice is so infinitesimal that she actually goes faster than the wind, except when sailing right before it. Consequently, it pays to tack slightly even when making for a point dead to leeward, and the sails, wherever the wind may be coming from, are "flattened in" much more than at sea. With a side-wind the yacht "heels over" just as a sailing-boat does, and the pressure of the wind often raises the "weather" runner clean off the ice. There is nothing more exhilarating in the world than to go tearing along in this tilted-up fashion on two runners with the risk of a capsize imminent. As may be imagined, the helmsman must know his business, for a "spill" is unpleasant, not to say dangerous, and yet if he wants to get the maximum amount of pace out of his craft he must "let her have it" all the time, so that, like the helmsman of a small rater on the Solent, he is continually performing a sort of balancing feat.

Bystander Short Story

The BABY

By Margaret Butler

MRS. BEESTON, the mother of the Rev. John Beeston and, therefore, the mother-in-law of Mrs. John Beeston, sat in her son's drawing-room in a state of very pleasurable anticipation.

It was the morning of the annual flower show of the little Surrey village where Mr. Beeston had his living. The sun was shining and the Bishop was coming, the former, perhaps, being corollary to the latter. There was every promise of a truly glorious success.

Mrs. Beeston was a very stout and very good-humoured lady, who managed to live on very good terms with her very pretty and girlish daughter-in-law, Patricia Beeston. Patty was one of those rare women who win the affection of both sexes. She was at the time barely twenty, and already the mother of a wonderful baby.

The event of the day was to be the appearance of an amateur pierrot party, organised by Patricia among the local aristocracy. The young girl had a pretty gift for singing and acting, and had found some clever people to support her. Mrs. Beeston, sen., had every hope that the amateur entertainment would be so successful as to rouse sentiments of the bitterest enmity among her particular foes in the county.

A maid entered the room, carrying a small cardboard box.

"Can you tell me where the mistress is, ma'am?"

"She's upstairs, I think, with the baby. Is the parcel for her?"

"Yes, ma'am. I think it must be her costume. It's from Foxon's, London."

"Her costume!" Mrs. Beeston, sen., paled slightly as she absorbed the ridiculously minute dimensions of the box. "Well, perhaps it is, or part of it. Leave it here on the table and tell your mistress it has arrived."

A minute later Patricia literally dived into the room. She was dressed in a delightfully pretty and fashionable morning gown, and did not look in the least like a vicar's wife. Her sweet, fragile features were flushed with excitement.

"Oh, mother, has my costume really come!"

She pulled up sharply at the sight of the box. A glance at her mother-in-law's face revealed the fact that the situation was decidedly delicate. It was certainly a very small box.

For a moment Patty hesitated. Then, as fast as her skirt would let her, she strode to the table, snatched up the box, tucked it under her arm, and made for the door.

"Patty, just one moment." The voice of Mrs. Beeston, sen., was icily cold. "I should like to see the shoes."

"The shoes, mother? This is—er—my frock."

The expression of Patty's mother-in-law did not change.

"Then I should like to see the frock."

Patty's colour came more violently, and her little nostrils were inflated. For a moment there was every indication of an explosion. But Patty thought better of it. With a nervous "Very well, then," she went to the table and slipped the string from the box.

From out of a bed of tissue paper she whisked a little white silk skirt, decorated with red satin medallions. Then she produced a little pierrette jacket of the same material, and held the two objects up between finger and thumb for inspection.

"There, what do you think of them?" There was a long pause.

"Do they fit?" inquired Mrs. Beeston, sen., in a faraway voice.

"I suppose so," said Patty.

She tossed the jacket on the table and hung the skirt from her waist. It barely reached her knees.

"Now, what do you think of it?" inquired Patty, defiantly.

"Well," said her mother-in-law, with a slight change of manner, "we all have to seek salvation in our own way."

"You disapprove."

"My dear Patty, I am the mother of seven children. One of them is on the stage. That teaches me to be humble."

"Do you think John will be angry? But I needn't ask you; I know he will. I don't care. He's a dear old thing; but he's out of date. Just because he is a Low Church clergyman he wants me to be dowdy, while all the time I'm pretty enough to be a Roman Catholic."

"Patty, don't abuse him, please. I don't think much of my sons, but John was the best of them. Therefore, for his sake, I must try and live up to the story of the tigress fighting for her young."

"You'd never make a tigress," cried Patty, laughing; "you're much too sweet. Now promise, mother, you won't back up John if he wants to stop me wearing this."

Mrs. Beeston, sen., rose and kissed her daughter.

"My dear Patty, I'm your mother-in-law. I wish you were old enough and I were young enough for it to be the other way about."

Patty laughed.

"You know, mother, one can't be half a pierrette. You must either be a pierrette or nothing at all."

"I have never been a pierrette, Patty, but I have so far escaped evanescence."

"Don't joke, mother. You approved of the pierrot party."

"I did. It gave you something nice to do. John was getting on your nerves a little, I think, and then you worried too much over the baby."

"You keep your eyes very wide open, mother. I

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was very pleased when you supported me. But now I have positively come to the conclusion that it was all a mistake."

"Patty! In what way?"

"It has increased my dissatisfaction. I have been quarrelsome at every rehearsal. The frivolity of it all awoke echoes of some time that I surely once knew, but shall never hear or play again. I'm only twenty. True, I'm a mother, but I have an odd feeling that I ought not to be a mother. I can't think how to put it to you; but what it all comes to is that I want something I haven't got."

"What is it?"

"I don't know. I don't know. I'd give anything to know."

Mrs. Beeston sat silent for a time.

"Where is John?" she asked at last.

"In his study."

"Are you going to show him the frock before you appear in it?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Do. And Patty, whatever he may say, insist on wearing it."

"Mother!"

"You've never quarrelled with him, have you? Well, work up a good old-fashioned row. That's one of the things you want. I'll go up and bring him down. We'll show him the frock together. Mind, I won't take sides on any account, but you have my sympathy."

Mrs. Beeston, sen., bustled hastily out of the room. Patty picked up the skirt listlessly, looked at it amusedly, and tossed it back on the box. Then she threw herself on a settee.

The Rev. John Beeston was a man of about thirty-five years of age, handsome, with a very determined chin and thin lips. He was very self-centred, because on no occasion had anyone proved him to be wrong—to his satisfaction. He regarded Patty, his wife, very much as a Thackerayan Colonel would regard his daughter.

"Well, Patty," he asked, entering the room, "I hope the pierrots are all in fighting fettle?"

"Yes, John, they are all ready and eager for the fray."

The Rev. Mr. Beeston's eye fell on the box and its pretty contents.

"Ah, here is your costume. I'm glad it has come." His face slowly assumed an expression of doubt. "I hope it is not too—er—modern."

"Look at it and tell me what you think."

Gingerly did John pick up the skirt and note its alarming brevity.

"Really, Patty, I may be wrong, but—how far is your waist from your knees?"

"Really, John, what an absurd question," said his mother.

"Perhaps, but I must say that this skirt is rather alarming." Patty jumped up from the settee.

"Look!" She took it from him and hung it from her waist, revealing its remarkable deficiencies.

"Patty, you do not contemplate wearing that?"

"John, I am going to wear it."

"But there has been some mistake in the measurements. Is it too late to alter it? I don't know much about these matters, but aren't you women occasionally in the habit of—letting down tucks or something of that sort?"

"There isn't a tuck. If there was, I'd stick to it."

"But, my dear child, it's improper."

"Because it will show my legs?"

"Because it will show so much of them. I'm not a prude, Patty. I can understand the necessity of short skirts in an opera-bouffe or when portraying some light-hearted character at a fancy dress ball; but in this case you will be setting an example to the village. They will not understand your costume. And I'm sure the Bishop will be disgusted."

"John, I organised the performance to please myself; not the village, nor the Bishop. I am going to wear this frock to please myself. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

"A very common remark, Patty, in the mouth of the conscious sinner. I wish to goodness the Bishop wasn't coming."

Mrs. Beeston, sen., leapt out of her chair.

"John, do you want it to rain," she almost screamed.

"I do. I do. When I look at that thing, I positively do."

"We could hold the entertainment then in the schoolroom as arranged," pointed out Patty.

"Patty, this is all a joke. The costume is for one of the other girls in the troupe."

"John, you are positively disgusting. Why, they are both miles taller than I."

"So they are; so they are. But they are unmarried, my dear. This sort of thing," said Mr. Beeston, taking the skirt from his wife, "is sometimes excusable when the ultimate object is to secure a good, Christian husband. Mother, can't you use your influence over Patty? You know what scandal it will cause."

"You are quite wrong, John, to ask me to interfere. It is your and Patty's business. All I can promise is that I will do my best to distract the Bishop." Mrs. Beeston rose abruptly from her seat and stiffly made her way into the garden.

Patty rose from the settee and went to the French windows, looking out after her mother-in-law. John stepped towards her, but changed his mind and sat down on the settee. Bending his head he rested it in his hands. Patty, after a pause, walked across to the costume box and took out a long, slim pair of scarlet silk stockings. She pressed them caressingly to her face, enjoying the softness of the silk and smiling the while. Then she went to her husband and dangled the stockings playfully against his cheek. John looked up with a jerk.

"What do you think of those, John?"

"Patty, you are not going——"

"Aren't they darlings?" squeaked Patty, squeezing the silk against her face.

"Patty, take them away and burn them."

"Never! Never! Never! Oh, you dears!" And Patty kissed them.

Mr. Beeston rose in a tempest of indignation.

"Not to my knowledge, since Augustine introduced Christianity into this country," he cried, "has the wife of a vicar of the Established Church worn red stockings."

"Oh, John, cardinals wear them."

"I'm sure they don't."

"Well, they look as if they wear them."

"Nonsense. And remember that I am not a cardinal, and have no sympathy with cardinals, although Heaven knows this makes me wish I were celibate."

"Don't you want me to look pretty?" coaxed Patty.

"I want you first of all to be an obedient, loyal wife."

(*Continued on page 296*)

The Eton Skating Rink

WHERE IN WARMER TIMES BATTLES OF WATERLOO ARE WON

Photograph
SKATING ON THE

Sport and General
PLAYING FIELDS

FREQUENT FALLS

FOR THE NOVICES

ON THE ICE AT ETON! GOOD TIMES FOR THE BOYS!

The playing fields of Eton have been described as the scene of the Battles of Waterloo and (by some cynics) Colenso. That must have been in drier, warmer days. Last Saturday week the fields were flooded, and the boys actually enjoyed punting over the football pitches. Early last week came the frost, and with it the joys of skating. Thus in a short space of time the fields have been dry land, a lake, and a skating rink

(Continued from page 294)

"I'd like to be that, but I've noticed that women who are obedient generally have husbands who insist on their wives doing just what they like."

"That's Jesuitical."

"And that means clever. When a man is beaten in an argument, he always calls his opponent Jesuitical. Is that because the Jesuits always win?"

"You might, at least, have the decency to read your *Church Times*."

"My dear John, according to your lights, I have no decency. It's no good my trying to persuade or deceive you into thinking that I have. When I'm hundreds of years older I shan't wear short skirts and red silk stockings, but while I'm young I will if I get a chance. It can't be immoral to make yourself look pretty."

"Think of the example you are setting. The young women of the village are to be asked to contemplate the wife of their spiritual director dressed like an Empire ballet girl."

"And a world of good it will do them. The impression made on their ignorant, dull, little brains will be just of the right kind. There isn't one of the half-educated people in the village who does not associate the Church and God and Christianity with what is dreary, and solemn, and dull. Oh, if you would only crack a joke sometimes in Church."

"Patty!"

"I mean it. Crack a joke. Make them laugh. I believe pure laughter is as good as a prayer."

"Patty, this is sheer Paganism."

"Is it? I like the word. Pagan! Yes, I am sure I'm a Pagan. That's why I shall be of such use to the Church this afternoon. The pretty Pagan will masquerade as a Christian. Hodge and his wife and daughters will open their mouths and clap their hands and say to themselves: 'For the first time I have seen something attractive in religion. Here is the vicar's wife quite happy and quite pretty, just as if there were no such things as the Thirty-nine Articles in the world.' Oh, they'll be shocked, but they'll think of me in church next Sunday, and they won't want to go to sleep when—oh, of course, I'm exaggerating, John, but you see a little bit of what I mean."

"I cannot. I can only suggest that you have been reading Omar Khayyam, or something equally disgusting."

"I haven't. I never read. If I did, perhaps I should be solemn and good. I'm fairly virtuous now, though. Two or three tiny little sins a day, about. If I didn't commit them I should feel uncharitable."

"There is nothing so dreary as flippancy. When it is allied to an affection for indecency the character is damned."

Patty started, and her eyes began to glitter.

"That's rather strong, John."

"Is it? I meant it to be."

"How far apart we are."

"We were not till to-day."

"We have only realised it properly to-day. Do you still love me?"

"Don't be ridiculous."

"I suppose you do, or are satisfied that you do. But what you call love is probably not what I should call love. But I don't want to dogmatise about it, because I am quite sure I do not know what love is."

"The first instinct of the lover is to protect," said John. "I am trying to protect you—from yourself."

"That strikes me as a selfish kind of love. I think the real lover should encourage his beloved to be herself. If he wants to alter her, he descends to the level of a jobbing plumber."

Mr. Beeston moved a little uncomfortably in his seat.

"You cannot love me or you would not defy me."

"Eve defied Adam, and I'm sure she loved him very much. And I'm sure he never tried to—ah, well, I won't say that." Patty's eye had caught the skirt.

"If I appeal to you as your husband as well as in the character of the vicar of the parish, whose spiritual welfare you surely have at heart——"

"It would be no good, John. To-day I am going to forget that I am anything but myself. I am going to try to forget that I am a daughter, a wife, or a mother. At the stroke of four I become a pierrette, a columbine, if you like. I want to know what it feels like to test one's individuality. I may fail. I may come back and fall at your feet and ask you to eat the fatted veal—although I hate the stuff myself. But I wouldn't ask for punishment. I would come as a sincere penitent—and it's no good whacking that sort of person—or I wouldn't come at all."

"You are determined, then, to wear this indecent costume?"

"Yes," cried Patty, flaming up. "It is not indecent, and I am going to wear it."

"And if, instead of appealing to you, I command—"

"I shall disobey. If I give in over this, to all intents and purposes I'm damned."

"What do you mean? You shall obey." The man's eyes blazed with anger.

"I shall not." She dashed to the box and grabbed the costume, hugging it to her.

"Give it to me. I'll burn it."

His hand was on it, but Patty clasped the pretty bundle tighter.

"You won't. I'll leave you if you take it from me. I'll never live with you again."

"Leave me, if you like, you shameless girl. But remember, what's upstairs belongs to me!"

Patty shrank back from him. Her hands fell a little. She no longer clutched the clothes tightly to her breast. Her eyes expanded with fright.

So they stood for a moment, the husband ablaze with anger and the wife shivering away from him.

Suddenly from above came the noise of a fall. Then arose a long babyish wail.

"Good Heavens!" cried Patty. "She's fallen out of bed."

"Patty! Surely not!"

"There's no one up there." The pierrette frock fell to the ground and Patty darted to the door.

"Patty, you mustn't go. She might have hurt herself. It'll shock you. I'll go." He held her arm, but she broke away from him.

"No, John, let me go. I understand her. You don't."

"Patty, I will go. You wait here."

"John, dear, I insist."

They burst together from the room. Upstairs the baby yelled lustily.

The drawing-room remained empty, and for some time the little heap of pretty clothing remained untouched. Then a maid found it and packed it away in its box. Mrs. Beeston never even inquired where she had put it.

MARGARET BUTLER

'Teach without noise of words—without confusion of opinions—without the arrogance of honor—without the assault of argument.'

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"Remember that it has now been well proved that this disease (Pneumonia) owes its origin to the Tubercle Bacillus—a germ which is practically universal and ubiquitous, but which is unable to grow or to take root properly unless it can be undisturbed in its quarters for about eleven clear days. Now, what chance has such a germ to settle in the lungs of an individual who at stated times freely admits nearly eight times the normal amount of pure life-giving air, reaching to the farthest recesses of his lungs? Practically none."—A. BRYCE, M.D., D.P.H.

G. B. Cipriani Fecit *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi*

WINTER.

"All Nature feels the renovating force of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye in ruin seen."—THOMSON.

"All disease is the same in all parts of the body. Its cause, morbid humour, which obstructs the circulation of the blood and the electricity or motive power of the brain. Its source, Indigestion and Constipation, or the Putrefaction arising therefrom."—W. RUSSELL.

"Recent researches have led to the establishment of the fact, to the satisfaction of the medical profession of the whole civilised world, that the chief cause of the infirmities of old age, as well as of a large proportion of the diseases of adult life, is the process known as 'Auto-Intoxication,' or self-poisoning.

"This poisoning of our own bodies is due to putrefaction taking place in the large intestine, which in turn is the result of decomposition of food material set up by germs, or microbes, which infest the bowel, and which flourish most where bowel cleanliness least obtains.

"The dual problem therefore of maintaining health and postponing the evils of old age resolves itself into the question as to how intestinal putrefaction may be averted, or prevented, or in other words, how the bowel may be kept clean."—CHARLES REINHARDT, M.D.

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WINTER SPORT – What About It?

By "ENGADINER"

A LINE FROM ST. MORITZ

WE, visitors at some 6,090ft. above sea level, may be pardoned for smiling at the groans and grumbles we kept hearing from our friends at less favoured resorts in the Bernese Oberland and Rhone Valley. One had had only five days' skating in three weeks, another keen skater had been out for a week and had not yet put on his skates, and a third had skated for a few mornings only during the first fortnight of his holiday. At one well-known place, we are told, there have been no winter sports at all. Even Buxton has been more forward than this!

St. Moritz, then, and perhaps all the Engadine, has something to boast of in the advantage of almost certain continuity of its sports. Nor is this all! The various sports are controlled by no Public Schools Alpine Sports Club or other organisation formed in London. Each separate sport is managed by its own club, formed and regulated on the spot. Public School and 'Varsity men are by no means scarce at St. Moritz, but the clubs there are not confined to them. St. Moritz is cosmopolitan, and the only qualifications for membership are good sportsmanship, good behaviour, amateurism, and the payment of a small subscription. The result of this is good-fellowship, which is sure to abound among those sharing in the same sport.

SKATING AT ST. MORITZ

Where, according to our contributor, there are positively no restrictions against members of the English skating fraternity, and where they and the Internationals live and skate together in brotherly love

At home it may be, and probably is, well to limit the qualification to a sporting club, but abroad things are different, and there is not the same necessity. We should allow ourselves more latitude, and should share our sports with others of whatever nationality, and no qualification for membership should be imposed beyond those before mentioned. In this way many a lifelong friendship has been made with those whom one would never have met had narrower restrictions been placed upon club membership.

Take, for instance, the "English" skating fraternity. No sport that I know of is more sociable than "English" skating. Perhaps this sociability may be attributed to the practice of skating the "Combined Figure," as it is called, which is the end and object of "English" skating. This is a system by which any number of skaters skate figures in combination from a fixed centre, led by one of their number, who "calls" the figures to be skated; and what more exhilarating sport is there than taking part in a good "Crossing Six"? Be that as it may, every "English" skater knows, or seems to know, every other skater, and is ready to offer any amount of help and coaching to his less skilful neighbour, and go where you may there always seems to be a sort of brotherhood among "English" skaters, which is very refreshing in these days of standoffishness.

The St. Moritz Skating Association numbers among its members Frenchmen, Germans, and others besides our own countrymen. Many of us older ones look with envious eyes at the beautiful "B" turns (real "English" ones!) skated by one of our young German friends, aged fifteen, who is able to join in a "combined figure" with the best of us.

At home we are accustomed to associate and share our sports with others like ourselves; but abroad it is well that we should shake off our insularity to some extent and allow more freedom for fellowship and intercourse with those whom we may meet there. It is good for ourselves, and it tends not only to broaden our minds, but also to create good will towards all men.

Now, a word as to the statement which has been circulated that controversies rage between the "English" and "International" skaters at St. Moritz! There is not a word of truth in such an assertion! Nowhere and at no time were the relations between the devotees of the two styles more amicable than they have been this season. If, I may add, the facilities for both schools of skating at any of the resorts in the Bernese Oberland or the Rhone Valley are as good as they are at St. Moritz, then those places are indeed lucky!

ENGADINER

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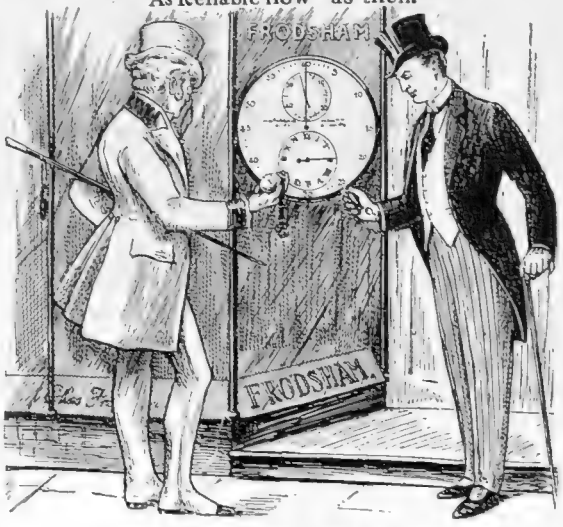

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

The Cinematograph

There are people, I fancy, who are still inclined to be somewhat contemptuous of the cinematograph. Some would-be fashionable souls, indeed, appear to be just in the least ashamed if you find them inside one of the cinema-theatres—but there is no doubt now that the new entertainment has come to stay. For one thing, these theatres are cheap, and for another your semi-deaf neighbour—how fond he is of the theatres!—has no occasion to nudge you every few minutes to find out what has just been said on the stage. Personally, I often enjoy an hour or two's sojourn in one or other of these new halls, which just at the moment seem to be springing into existence in the manner of Aladdin's Palace, and for that reason was very ready to welcome what I take to be the first book entirely devoted to the cinematograph.

The Tricks of the Latest Trade

In *Moving Pictures: How They are Made and Worked* (Heinemann: 6*s.* net) Mr. Frederick Talbot "gives the show away" with the heartiest good will in a series of very interesting and not too technical chapters. Not for one moment do I imagine that the public which so cheerfully pays its sixpence for two hours' entertainment can be aware of the immensity of the preparations necessary for the production of these moving pictures. There are stupendous manufactories, fitted with superb stages, there are rooms and rooms packed with complicated machinery, and there are companies of very highly accomplished, and, incidentally, very highly paid, actors, and there are even animated newspapers, with their editors and reporters and extra editions. And throughout the whole of this cinematograph-world Mr. Talbot pilots his readers with a very sure pen. If you have been puzzled to know how a lump of putty can transform itself slowly and, perhaps, rather ludicrously into a fine statuette, or how a film-manufacturing company escapes the usual penalty of the law after drowning the majority of its acting-staff in a typhoon, Mr. Talbot is ready to explain. Probably the four or five chapters on trick-pictures will be of greatest interest to the general reader, but those more purely historical, those, for instance, which deal with the early experiments of Edison and Paul and the other pioneers, are no less important and brightly written. The illustrations are particularly well chosen, and I am glad to see that Mr. Heinemann has elected to publish so handsome a volume at so reasonable a price.

Medical Monsters

Occasionally one does hear rather queer stories about the inner workings of hospitals, particularly of those hidden away in remote towns. *In a Cottage Hospital* (Werner Laurie: 2*s.* net), by George Trelawney, contains a good many very queer stories about a northern hospital, where the doctors are either drunkards or criminals, the nurses no better than prostitutes, the food invariably putrid, and the instruments rusty and broken. Mr. Trelawney maintains that his book, a novel, by the way, is true, but it would be charitable to suppose that he had gathered together every hospital scandal in the world's history and dumped them together into one huge debauch. His book, I admit, is interesting—a definite story is unfolded, and there are some very shrewd passages—but how much better it would have been for Mr. Trelawney's readers if he could have discovered one or two rather more pleasant characters for his book!

A Genial Wizard

One of the cheeriest and most popular magicians who ever lived was the late Charles Bertram. He was a man who almost rivalled the cinematograph in its ability to perform impossibilities. Packs of cards came to look upon him as their natural master, and did exactly what they were told. Mr. Bertram was the author of *Isn't It Wonderful?* and during his last world-tour kept a diary, which is now published under the title of *A Magician in Many Lands* (Routledge: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), with an introduction by his friend, Professor Hoffman. Bertram, in his capacity of showman, met many people, and in the manner of *Truth* exposed many humbugs. In India, where they still show you the mango-tree trick (which, to my mind, is not half as amusing as the duplicating canary trick), in China and Japan, in Australia, where he played Sherlock Holmes in the approved style, and in America, there were adventurous times in store for the author. He ventured into opium dens and prisoners' cells, and relates what he saw in most interesting fashion. Finally, on board the *Lucania*, he was persuaded to join in a game of poker. It was his own deal: two of his opponents remained betting after Bertram himself had retired. They continued to bet throughout the day, and at night their "hands" were placed in envelopes. Only the next day was it decided to call a draw. Charles Bertram had dealt both of them a royal straight flush. This is typical of the man, and is possibly the best story in a book full of amusing anecdotes and unusual occurrences.

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Rarely has a graver warning been uttered to British men and women. It is a warning every man or woman must heed.

"Time's treacherous hand is on your hair!"

Here is no heedless statement from the lips of some irresponsible amateur. Here is no rash utterance from one who is in no position to speak. Here is the carefully weighed warning of a world-famous specialist. Here is a solemn declaration of a man who has given more than a quarter of a century to the study of the hair and its disorders, and who speaks with the authority of one who has done more to improve the condition of the hair of the British people than any man or woman who has ever lived.

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For over twenty-five years Mr. Edwards, the discoverer of "Harlene for the Hair" and "Harlene Hair-Drill," has devoted himself to the study and advancement of scientific Hair-Culture. During this period he has successfully treated hundreds of thousands of cases of Hair Trouble and Scalp Disorder, and been the means of growing luxuriant and healthy hair on the heads of countless numbers of men and women who, before using Edwards' Harlene," had been bald for years.

Every possible form of Hair-Poverty, Baldness, Greyness, and Scurf Trouble has been investigated by him, its cause discovered, and its cure accomplished.

And as the result of the unparalleled experience he has thus acquired, Mr. Edwards makes the deliberate statement that the hair of nine out of every ten British men and women is seriously threatened by the treacherous hand of Time.

Time's treacherous hand touches your hair with grey and makes you look far older than you really are. But help is at hand for every man or woman who dreads the oncreep of the years.

THE DANGER THAT BESETS YOU.

The trouble is that most people are not aware of this. If they only knew it they could take steps to ward off the danger.

Mr. Edwards will help them to do this.

He will tell them exactly what to do. He will give them, freely, all the materials required for banishing hair trouble and growing a permanently abundant and well-coloured head of hair. He will do this for any reader of this journal to-day.

In fact, he offers to you, as a perfectly free gift, a complete "Harlene Hair-Drill" Toilet Outfit, which doubles the beauty and luxuriance of your hair, and banishes Baldness and Hair-Poverty from your head for ever.

In the right-hand corner of this page there is printed a coupon.

This coupon entitles you to one of these free "Hair-Drill" Toilet Outfits by return.

Fill it up and send it with 3*d.* in stamps to pay the carriage of the outfit to your address, and in return the complete Harlene course will reach you, with its glorious gifts of health and beauty for your hair.

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Enclose 3*d.* in stamps to pay postage of the above Outfit to any part of the world.

THE BYSTANDER, February 7, 1912.

"The Prison Without a Wall"

MR. STRAUS'S NEW NOVEL: REVIEWED BY ROBERT ROSS

Maturity in Novelists

In no other form of art is there so much opportunity for development in the artist as that of fiction. A painter will often produce his masterpieces in early life, or will enjoy what experts call his best period when he is comparatively a young man. In poetry this is notoriously usual. On one superb volume of verse produced in early youth a reputation for posterity is assured, and those which follow may have little relation beyond peculiarities of style to their brilliant predecessor. Lucky are the poets who die young. I often fear that Chatterton, Keats, and Shelley might have become as dismal as Swinburne and Wordsworth if they had been unhappily spared. In fiction the reverse is true. Practice and experience both make for the advantage of the novelist, and those who, like myself, delight in Mr. Straus's other books, will note with pleasure the great advance he has made in his new novel, *The Prison Without a Wall* (Heinemann: 6s.). His characters are more vivid; his narrative is easier; his appeal wider and more human.

A Human Curiosity

Mr. Straus is fond of human curiosities, not from the Dickens or comic point of view, but for the tragic value. Sylvanus de Bohun belongs to a type with which all University men are familiar—so familiar that the examples are hardly curiosities at Oxford and Cambridge, but only for the outside world. I doubt, however, if the type has ever been done in a more masterly manner, with so much sympathy and knowledge. There is something of the nun in his character, of the Nun in Professor Reinhardt's *Miracle*. A creature of the cloister he goes into the world insufficiently equipped with manhood or experience. He marries, and his wife leaves him. Why she leaves and how she leaves him must be read in the poignant and delicately told story of Mr. Straus. He tries a rather feeble flirtation with a young lady of inferior social position; he fails even to be commonplace. He tries to live up to his position as the heir of wealth and the scion of a noble house. He sinks beneath an honour to which he was not born. At last he creeps back to his old Cambridge College, of which he is elected Master—the college which he should never have left, and which we have difficulty in leaving. Exquisitely, intimately, has the author silhouetted St. Mary's, and the traditions of College life.

Where Mr. Straus May Stand

In construction the book has one grave fault. The delightful Phillipa, whose male mind acts as a foil to her weaker brothers, dies too soon, and thereby cuts the book into two unequal halves. Mr. Straus gets out of the difficulty, but only partially, by dividing his story into three books. Then the semi-villain, Bradley, is the only improbable character in a canvas which moves us by its actuality and truth of observation. While the smallest minor figures, even the Siamese cat, are breathing human entities, Bradley is a stage property. I can say here, moreover, what I could not tell Mr. Straus, if I knew him, that he deceives his readers by making an attractive but unfulfilled promise of the supernatural in his first chapter; and there is nothing in the novel, I fear, on quite such high a level as the fight and the girl's mouth bloodstained from kissing the hulking Gordon Luck. That is the sort of thing you get in Victor Hugo, Thomas Hardy, and Emily Brontë. At any rate, we know what to expect from Mr. Straus in the near future. Admirers of Mr. Straus, like the Fellows of St. Mary's in his novel, will "look perhaps rather curiously" at the literary career of the author.

ROBERT ROSS

Camera Portrait by *E. O. Hoppé*

MR. RALPH STRAUS

Whose new novel, "The Prison Without a Wall" (Heinemann: 6s.), Mr. Robert Ross reviews on this page

ANTIQUES AND WORKS OF ART

On page 304 will be found advertisements dealing with antiques and works of art. The Advertisement Manager is prepared to accept advertisements for future pages of a similar nature from the trade, and also from the private collector who may desire to procure or dispose of any specific piece of antique or work of art. It is believed that such a page affords a unique and dignified medium for the buying and selling of the class of articles mentioned. Nothing has been done before in quite the same form, and considering the very extensive circulation of THE BYSTANDER among the wealthy and influential classes, good results are bound to accrue. The charge for space is £1 per inch, single column, which price includes the making of blocks.

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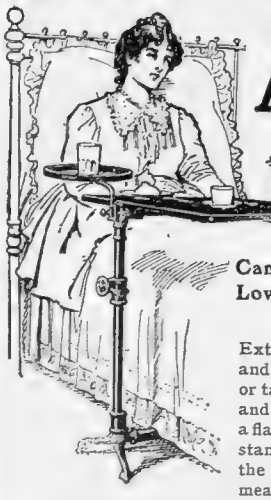

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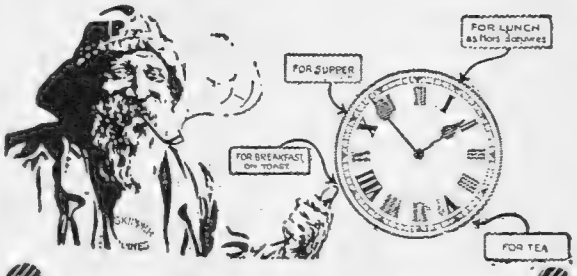

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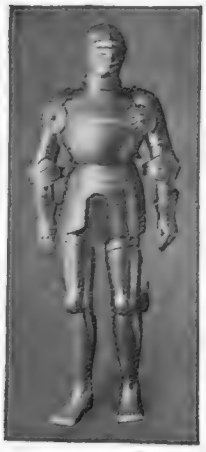

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THE OLYMPIC GAMES

A Foundation of Make-Believe

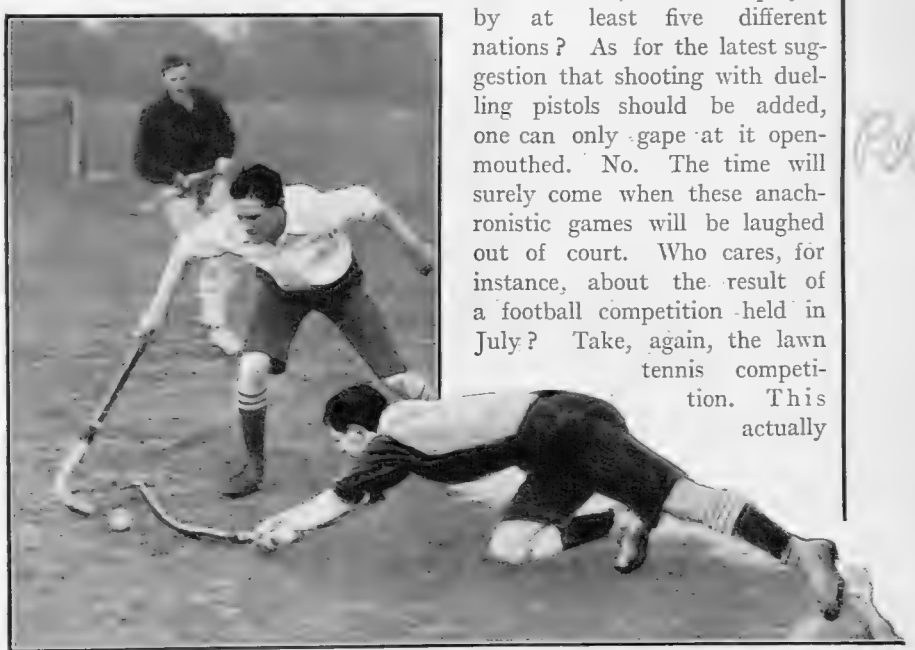
There are drawbacks in almost everything, even in the arrival of a new year, although it is always welcomed in that spirit of hopefulness which is one of the most amiable characteristics of the human race. The chief drawback of the year 1912 is that it is an Olympic Games year. I am sorry to say that I am one of those who find it impossible to take the Olympic Games seriously. I say "one of those" advisedly, for, although I was once angrily informed by an Olympiamanic that I was absolutely alone in my way of thinking, I have since discovered that there are others—and their number is increasing—who, like myself, can only look upon the Olympic Games as a gigantic piece of tomfoolery. I am not blaming the enthusiasts who are responsible for their institution—I cannot bring myself to call it a revival—I freely credit them with the most exalted aims and with the greatest wholeheartedness in their endeavour to give effect to those aims. Their trouble is that the whole conception of the thing is founded upon a basis of "make-believe." It is just as if so many children met together and said, "Let us play at being ancient Greeks."

What the Games Once Were

The Olympic Games of ancient Greece—unless I have wholly forgotten the classical history which was painfully instilled into me at school—partook of the nature of a religious festival, the main object of which was to remind the various independent States into which the Greek nation was split up that they were one race, with a common language, a common religion, and a common interest in the protection of their country from foreign invasion. And they served their purpose indifferently well until their discontinuance was brought about by sheer force of circumstances—in other words, until Greece went under to Rome.

What They Are Now

The Olympic Games of the present day are a revival of the older games in little else but in name. They have no national, racial, or religious significance. They are organised on the principle of "let 'em all come;" and in deference to that principle their scope has been enlarged until their resemblance to their prototype can only be traced in a few almost obsolete sports, such as throwing the javelin or the discus—about which nobody cares two straws. The remaining games seem to have been chosen (and added to from time to time) wholly without rhyme or reason. Probably the object has been to include those sports which are most universally indulged in, but, if it has, this only serves to emphasise the unreality of the whole business. If universality is the test, where do the discus and the javelin come in? Why not coddam or knurr-and-spell? And what about cricket, which is played by at least five different nations? As for the latest suggestion that shooting with duelling pistols should be added, one can only gape at it open-mouthed. No. The time will surely come when these anachronistic games will be laughed out of court. Who cares, for instance, about the result of a football competition held in July? Take, again, the lawn tennis competition. This actually clashes with the World's Championship meeting at Wimbledon, and this being so, how can a representative gathering of lawn tennis players possibly be got together at Stockholm? H. S. S.



MIDDLESEX v. SURREY:
A SMART "DIVE" BY A MIDDLESEX MAN

In this match at Richmond, on a frost-bound ground, last Wednesday, Middlesex won by 2 goals to love, both scored in the first half. In the second half Surrey had the best of the game, but could not score

GOLF

The Agenda Club and the Caddie Problem

In accordance with what I wrote last week I will endeavour to give, in brief outline, some idea of the work these two bodies are doing. It is rather a curious coincidence, by the way, that after all these years two organisations should take the caddie problem in hand. But it is all to the good that it should be attacked in this double fashion. The Agenda Club is, however, not devoted solely to the caddie question. It is, to use the words of an explanatory memorandum issued

by the Club, "an Association of men and women undertaking or anxious to promote voluntary service for the benefit of the community." The first of the Club's agenda—of which it has two specially in hand at the present time—is "The National Health Week." This does not concern us at the moment, but the second one deals with my present subject, "Golf Caddies." Now, the Agenda Club's motto in this matter is "*festina lente*." They mean to make a thorough investigation into all the factors of the problem before proceeding to devise any scheme. The local conditions vary so much at different golf clubs and districts that it is almost impossible to draw up one scheme which shall be universally applicable. Some clubs have a steady stream of players throughout the week, and in these the employment of a certain number of caddies is fairly regular; at other clubs there is a great rush at the week-end and a comparative scarcity of players requiring caddies on the other week-days. Therefore, a scheme which would suit one club might be quite useless for another. A great deal of spade-work, too, in investigating local conditions of labour, general and economic conditions affecting employment in which boys can be trained concurrently with caddying, and in examining such schemes as are already being worked by certain clubs, is necessary before a comprehensive knowledge can be gained of all the ramifications of this apparently simple but actually very complicated question. The Club are, therefore, tackling the work in the right way, and are going down to the root of things. Any of my readers who have information to place at their disposal, or who feel a call to join in the good work, need only to apply at the offices of the Club, 28, Fleet Street.

Photograph Sport and General

PRINCESS GHIKA

Playing an approach shot on the links at Cannes

The Caddies' Aid Association

The Caddies' Aid Association, which is solely and entirely devoted to the object denoted by its title, was started by Mr. Mark Allerton last summer, when an acting committee was formed, consisting of Mr. Darwin, Mr. W. E. Fairlie, Mr. H. O. Stutchbury, Mr. S. G. Tallents, Mr. C. Hartley, of the Agenda Club, and Colonel Satterthwaite, and it was decided to appoint local secretaries in various districts who should carry on the work and keep in touch with the Central Committee. An appeal was also issued to the various golf clubs for donations of small sums so as to provide sinews of war for the Association. I trust that when we get to the point when proper schemes can be propounded, one aspect of the question will be borne in mind. Golf is a big business with many branches to it. The caddie can develop *within golf* into an assistant in a professional's shop, into an assistant to a greenkeeper, into a professional player, into a greenkeeper, into a trained club-maker. Let us, if possible, develop as many of our caddies as possible on the lines of least resistance, and keep them in the game.

ERNEST LEHMANN

RACING: A Likely Double. BY CARBINE

Lincoln Acceptances

I see forfeit has been declared for Royal Tender in the Lincolnshire Handicap. The inference is that it will not be possible to get this colt into the right condition in time for the first meeting of the flat-racing season, because there was nothing wrong about his weight in the opinion of those who remembered his good form in the early part of last season. It is noticeable that Captain Forester's four-year-old remains in the Jubilee Handicap, and the Kempton Park course is one which would suit him well. It surprised me to find Marco Bozzaris among the malcontents in the Lincoln, for the Northern colt was surely nicely "in" with 6st. 11lb. On the whole, however, there is not much to excite discussion about the acceptances. Many people think that Hornet's Beauty is over-weighted, and if he manages to win under 9st. 6lb. it will be a record for this race. One thing in his favour is that he will probably come quickly to hand, and it will be interesting to see how he shapes when he is tried with Braxted and Dalnacrag, two other "live" Lincoln candidates in the same stable as the top-weight.

My Fancies

Personally, I have a belief in Mercutio, who won this race very comfortably last year, and has 7lb. more to carry. Next to him I should choose Moscato, who, in my opinion, is leniently treated on his Royal Hunt Cup running. His performances last season were not consistent, but he is a horse who can go when he chooses, and if he is fit and well on the day I shall expect him to give a prominent display. In the Grand National the acceptance is eminently satisfactory. The few horses which have been taken out make no sort of difference to the attractiveness of the premier steeplechase. I have already expressed my confidence in Jerry M., and as many of my readers like to have an early expression of opinion on these fascinating handicaps, I will give **Moscato** and **Jerry M.** as a likely double for the Lincoln and Grand National.

This Week's Racing

The racing of the present week will not be of great importance, though there is promise of some fair sport at Gatwick on Wednesday and Thursday. On the opening day the Surrey Steeplechase may be won by **Kolo**, and the Wickham Hurdle Race by **Bobbie K.** On the following day **Dark Collar** is my selection for the Throgmorton Hurdle Race, and **Smithfield** for the Stewards' Steeplechase. At Lingfield on Friday **Little Brother** may secure the Southern Steeplechase, while the Gentlemen Riders' Hurdle Race on Saturday should go to **Abelard II.**

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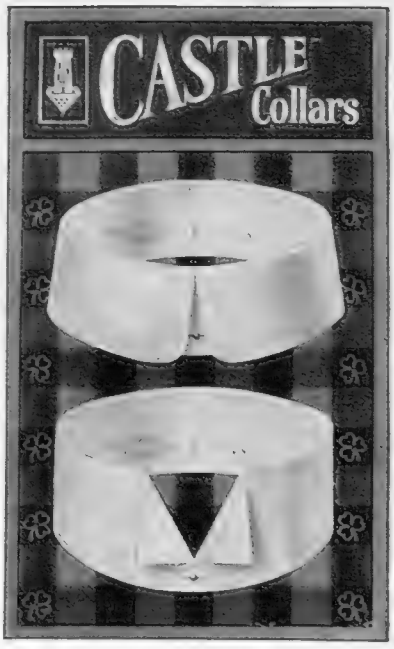

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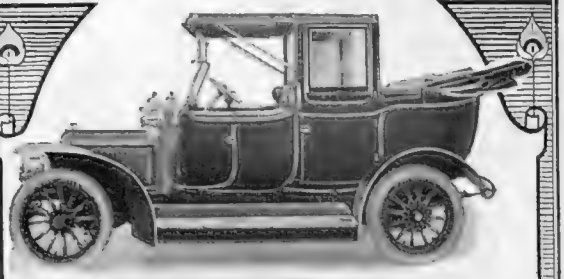

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It's fit for the Angels.

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

RACING THE FASTEST TRAIN

A sporting event in which a 60 h.-p. car, owned by Mr. Fred Koening, raced for two miles of frozen Hudson river against the twentieth Century Express (the New York Central's alleged fastest train), and beat it by several lengths.

Book or Two

First, the last volume of the "Encyclopædia of Sport," completing the set of four (Hutchinson: 10*s.* 6*d.* each volume), which, together, cover every department of sport and its practice, and make an almost indispensable adjunct to the bookcase of the man to whom the game, whatever the game may be, appeals. For the motorist the chief attraction will be the very adequate articles upon the several manifestations of the petrol engine "in the heaven above, on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth," or, shortly, by land, sea, and sky. Aviation, motor-boating, and the car, by Lord Montagu, with a technical article in the latter department by one who must in decency be nameless, are all sufficiently covered by letterpress and a profusion of excellent photographs and line-drawings. Authority affirms that all other sports are dealt with as satisfactorily. Eminently, therefore, a set that must be come by if the sportsman would have his library complete.

AVIATION FOR CONVALESCENTS

The intrepid Baroness de la Roche taking the air with Simoi. This is the first flight of the Baroness since her unfortunate accident

Second, not literature, but a diary, or, more correctly, a record. It has been devised by Captain Weiner, and is well-named "The Ideal." It is ruled for a most complete statement of daily motoring expenditure, even including space for the route followed, and has its pages perforated for the greater convenience of the motorist's accounts department, or for reference to the manufacturer if the running is unsatisfactory. Stoutly bound and published by the *Car Illustrated*, Ltd.

The Montagu Motor Book

Car Illustrated, Ltd., indeed, has been exceedingly busy at publishing recently. There is the "Montagu Motor Book," by G. C. Sherrin, which, within the compass of 300 pages, filled to a very unusual extent by photographs, deals with most of the matters a petrol-car motorist is interested to know something about, the author making a very laudible effort to avoid imitating those essays in obscurantism which so many motor book-makers and technical writers seem to regard as helpful to the layman. The passion for illustration rather impresses one as being torn to tatters. For many of these photographs and for much explicit information "the reader," we are informed, "is indebted to motor manufacturers." Mr. Sherrin might have taken one small additional step and called upon readers to observe their indebtedness to the gentleman who had induced the manufacturers to supply the photographs. He has, however, sufficiently acknowledged his own indebtedness,

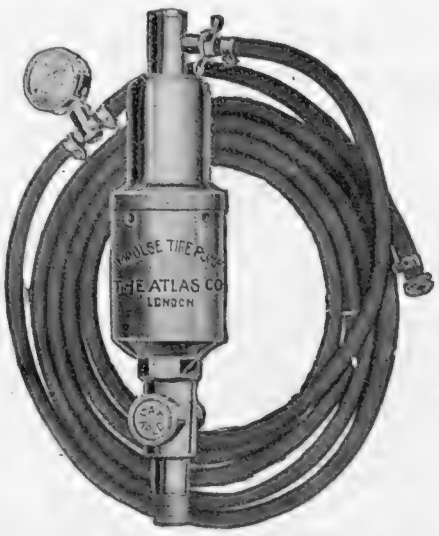
The Strongest Chassis at the Manchester Motor Show—See the N.B. Self-Starting S.C.A.T. on Stand No. 40, MANCHESTER SHOW. NEWTON & BENNETT, Ltd., 35, King Street West, Manchester. London Showrooms: 34, Knightsbridge, S.W.

perhaps, by putting the manufacturer's name under each illustration so supplied, even when it is no more than a tyre security bolt. These things apart, and the fact that the short chapter on the steam-car is devoted entirely to a description of one particular make of steamer, the book is very readable, very well produced, and is bound to be of considerable assistance to the complete tyre in automobilism. Price, 5*s.* net.

Two others from the same publishers are "Motor-Car Mechanics for Beginners," by G. W. Hayter, A.M.I.A.E., a very useful little cloth-bound shilling primer, and a fourth edition of Lord Montagu's shilling book on the "Art of Driving a Motor-Car."

In Compression

Allow me to introduce to your special notice the Atlas Triple Expansion Pulsating Tyre Pump. It bears no relation to some of the alleged aids to easy inflation we wot of. It is stoutly wrought, yet of little more weight than your common or garden hand and foot pump. It is compact, and can be dropped into any odd corner, where the ordinary pump, and some others, call for ample space. It is simple in its working parts and efficient in its action; and therein resides its special virtue. It saves the strenuous labour of inflation, and it does not itself require a technical expert to understand nor a skilled mechanic to keep in order. It starts, therefore, with clear advantages which its moderation of price accentuate.



HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH PUNCTURED

The Atlas pump, which robs tyre inflation of its terrors

It is operated by removing a plug from one engine cylinder and screwing in the pump end by hand. Start the engine up on a weak mixture and keep it turning slowly. There is your power for the working of the piston within the pump. But that does not mean that you are inflating with the product of the cylinder. That merely drives your pump and then exhausts through a port provided. The working pump piston sucks in air from without, and delivers it through a length of rubber tubing to the tyre. Once fitted to the cylinder (the work of a minute) and the engine started, it will inflate any size of tyre tube in four minutes with certainty and without fag. The Atlas Syndicate, 124, High Street, Kensington, London, W. — responsible also for that other commodity of value, the Atlas puncture proof inner case.

Buyers of Motor-Cars who hesitate to disturb their capital will welcome Pagets' Car Purchase Plan, which has several special advantages. Particulars will be sent free from PAGETS, Ltd., 10 and 11, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.

DELAHAYE cars are made in seven models, from the dashing 8-10 h.-p. to the all-powerful 45-60 h.-p., and luxury is the "note" of every model. Speed, surety, and silence are the characteristics. H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, London.

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. . During this Sale we are offering the whole of our surplus stock—comprising Hundreds of Services, Ornamental Pieces in great variety, Rose Bowls, Flower Stands, Vases, etc., etc.
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without danger to other animals and without smell from dead bodies. In tins ready prepared with the bait. Virus for Rats 2/6 and 6/-; for Mice, 1/6. Of all Chemists.

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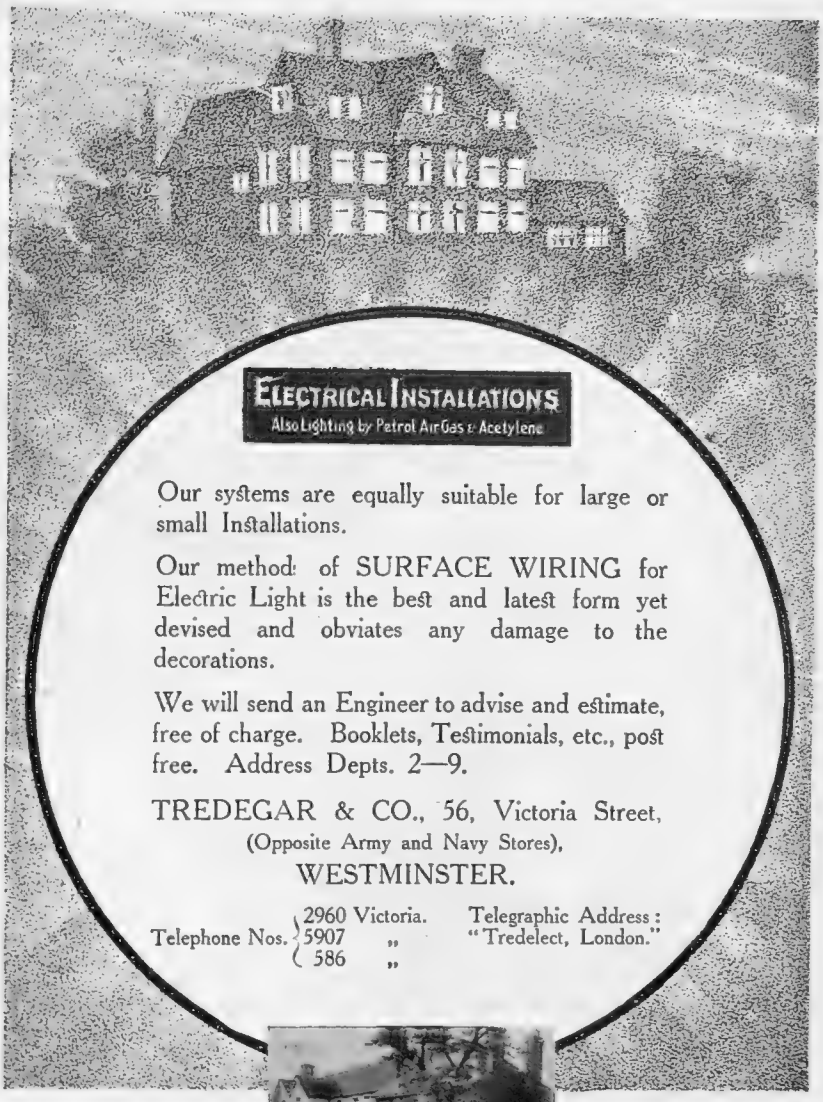

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Free Samples sent on receipt of 3d. for postage to any part of the British Isles and U.S.A.

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PURE DRINKING WATER

is a necessity in every house.

A "BERKEFELD" FILTER

at a small cost will give you pure and germ-free water. Think of your children's health.

Write for Catalogue "C" to

THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO., Ld.,

121, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

The Effect of the Weather

We have certainly experienced remarkable weather during the past twelve months. The drought and heat of summer caused the wood of flowering and fruiting trees and shrubs to ripen early, and if all goes well the next crop should be a good one. Afterwards we had, with much damp, a long period of unseasonably high temperatures, resulting in premature growth, a good deal of which has since been damaged. In the case of such plants as roses, this is of small consequence. The buds that start first are almost invariably those towards the extremities of the shoots—that is to say, those that would be cut away in the ordinary course of pruning. As long as enough remain dormant until April to produce a satisfactory amount of growth later, no harm is done. What is really injurious to plants of this class is not a single mild spell, however prolonged, in winter, but alternations of warm weather to start successive batches and of hard frost to kill them when they appear. Polyanthuses, primroses, violets, and various other plants flowered in a wonderful way in January, and these will naturally flower less in spring than they would otherwise have done, but the difference may not be appreciable. Most lawns were badly burned last summer, and bare patches were common. Many of them have since disappeared, largely owing to the fact that the grass continued to grow long after its usual time. Any that still remain should be turfed as soon as the weather is favourable, or seed may be sown next month. The seed must be protected against birds, and an excellent preparation for the purpose has been put on the market. The continued damp has been favourable to the growth of moss on paths. In some parts of the garden this is not objectionable, but when the paths are near the house a weed-killer should be applied to them.

The Seed Harvest

Naturally, the weather of last summer had an influence. All firms agree that the supply is short, but that the quality has never been better. This is only what might have been expected. It follows that those who intend to buy should do so at once, lest they be left in the lurch, for some of the scarcer varieties are likely to be exhausted very soon. If in some cases the packets should be smaller than usual, that may prove to be a blessing. Large packets almost invariably mean much waste, scores of seeds being sown where one or two would suffice, and the resulting plants being so tightly packed together that, even after considerable thinning, not one has a chance of growing properly. Nothing is more difficult than to persuade the purchaser of a packet that it is more economical to throw away half of its contents than to sow them in such a way that success is impossible. So the whole is wasted to save the part. It is a mistake to suppose that the error can be rectified afterwards by giving the seedlings more space. If plants are starved and stinted in their early stages they cannot at any future time regain what they have lost. The rings of each year's wood are clearly defined in a tree, and the narrow rings made in the lean years remain narrow as long as the tree exists. Any fat years that may come later cannot alter them. And so it is with all plants.

H. C. DAVIDSON

"Baily's Hunting Directory," 1911-12

"Baily's Hunting Directory" for 1911-12, the fifteenth annual issue, has just made its appearance. The entire matter in this fifteenth edition has been revised and corrected. There have been almost countless alterations in the *personnel* of the staffs of our great hunts, and all these are faithfully recorded in the "Directory." The scope of the work will be realised when it is stated that there are 518 hunts summarised in the new volume. It may fairly be claimed that within the now familiar red covers will be found, in encyclopædic profusion, nearly everything the hunting man can wish to know concerning his favourite sport. "Baily's Hunting Directory" is published in red cloth binding at 5*s.* net, and in red leather at 7*s.* 6*d.* net, by Vinton and Co., Ltd., 8, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.

A "TIMES" SILVER WEDDING

Photographs *Greigg, Couper*

MR. AND MRS. THEO FEILDEN

Mr. Theo Feilden, who is well known in journalistic circles as a member of the "Times" permanent staff, and Mrs. Feilden celebrated on Monday, the 29th ult., their silver wedding, and in the evening entertained seventy guests at dinner. Mr. Feilden is the eldest son of the late Lieut.-Col. Feilden, J.P., D.L., twice M.P. for Blackburn, and is a great traveller, who has visited most countries of the world. Mrs. Feilden is the eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Sampson, F.H.S., late of Brympton D'Evercy and Houndstone, Somerset

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 427.—Vol. XXXIII. Wednesday, February 7, 1912 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS — HAMPTON & SONS — AUCTIONEERS — 37 GERRARD. VALUERS

MUST BE SOLD IMMEDIATELY. £12,000 (OR OFFER).

40 minutes from Town. 600ft. above sea.

ON THE SURREY HILLS (close to famous golf course, 2 miles from an express station 40 minutes from Cannon Street or Charing Cross).—A handsome modern RESIDENCE in a position of unparalleled beauty, with

35 ACRES

of parkland and grounds, including large well-stocked kitchen garden with greenhouses. Long carriage drive through a lovely wood with lodge at entrance.

DRY SOIL. SOUTH ASPECT.

5 reception, bath, and 14 bedrooms; servants' hall and offices; 2 staircases. Capital stabling with men's rooms over. More land can be had.—Recommended from personal inspection by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

AN IDEAL COUNTRY HOME

In the beautiful Andover and Whitchurch country.

HANTS.—£3,200 with 17 ACRES; £2,750 with 5 OR 6 ACRES; £130 per annum, Unfurnished, with 7 acres; or would be Let, Furnished.—Unusually choice PROPERTY, on gravel soil with chalk subsoil. The charming Residence stands high in well-timbered grounds studded with cedar, walnut, beech, chestnut, acacia, and other trees.

DUE SOUTH ASPECT. CHARMING VIEWS.

Beautiful avenue drive with entrance lodge.

Hall, loggia, 3 reception rooms. 8 bed and dressing rooms. Conservatory, offices, dairy, etc. Bathroom, schoolroom.

Stabling and first-class motor-house. Very attractive pleasure grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen garden and rosary, 2 paddocks.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

800 FT. ABOVE SEA.

In a grand position, commanding delightful views.

SOUTH-WEST ASPECT. | CLOSE TO GOLF COURSE. | COMPANY'S WATER.

SURREY HILLS (35 MINUTES FROM TOWN).—£2,500, Freehold, or £125 per annum on Lease, would be accepted for the above very attractive RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive through grounds of about 2 acres, which adjoin a wood. Hall, drawing and dining rooms, large verandah, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Excellent drainage and sanitary arrangements.

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS, TASTEFULLY DISPOSED,

with pergola, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, and meadow; stabling or garage by arrangement. Close to post and telegraph offices.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

GENTLEMAN'S ESTATE IN MINIATURE.

Superbly positioned on a Southern slope.

DORSET (near a favourite coast town).—To be LET, UNFURNISHED, at £300 per annum, modern RESIDENCE, enjoying every ray of sunshine, and commanding exquisite views, whilst absolute privacy and seclusion are assured by the

GRANDLY TIMBERED GROUNDS,

intersected by carriage drives, each with lodge at entrance. Drawing room (26ft. by 25ft.) leading to conservatory (32ft. by 20ft.), dining room (25ft. 6in. by 18ft. 6in.), panelled billiard room (28ft. by 24ft.), library (15ft. 6in. by 13ft. 6in.), study, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bath, complete offices. Ample stabling, garage.

MODEL FARMERY.

Beautiful old gardens, terraces, tennis lawns, pergola, lily pond with fountain, kitchen garden, glass, orchard, and 2 paddocks, in all 10¼ acres. Gas and water laid on. Telephone. Near golf, church, and telegraph.—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

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NEAR THE SUSSEX BORDERS OF KENT.—To be SOLD, FREEHOLD. The RESIDENCE occupies a charming position, 330ft. above sea level, with pretty views. It stands in

WELL-SHADED OLD GROUNDS,

with undulating lawns, flower beds, 2 ornamental ponds, tennis and croquet lawns, etc., and contains the following accommodation: inner hall (17ft. 8in. by 14ft. 10in.), dining room (20ft. 4in. by 20ft.), drawing room (20ft. 2in. by 17ft. 4in.), morning room (15ft. by 14ft. 9in.), billiard room (36ft. 9in. by 19ft. 6in.), 6 large principal bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, workroom or bedrooom, day and night nurseries, 2 servants' bedrooms, and boxroom. The stabling comprises 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, coach-house and garage, etc.; 3 cottages.—Further particulars and order to view of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,288)

OCCUPYING A MAGNIFICENT POSITION.

800FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

TO BE SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, pleasantly placed in about 10 acres of grounds. It stands well away from the road, and the accommodation, arranged on two floors, comprises: lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, boxroom, etc.; Company's gas and water laid on; main drainage; stabling for 3; coach-house and men's rooms; delightful gardens and pleasure grounds.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 2c, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,205)

BETWEEN LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM.

2½ MILES FROM THE NEAREST STATION, 3½ MILES FROM AN EXCELLENT JUNCTION STATION.

TO BE SOLD, a substantially brick-built RESIDENCE, partly in the Queen Anne style, situated 225ft. above sea level in a well-timbered Park of 70 acres. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and ample offices; stabling for 13 horses, coach-house, laundry, good farm-buildings, and 2 cottages; inexpensive pleasure grounds, including tennis and croquet lawn, herbaceous borders, large kitchen garden, etc. Hunting 5 days a week; coarse fishing.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

NEAR OXFORD.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED GROUNDS, ETC., OF 11½ ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, the above charming old RESIDENCE, approached from an entrance lodge by a pretty drive flanked by well-grown trees and shrubs. It contains: entrance hall, morning room or library, dining room, drawing room, smoking room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, etc.

STABLING FOR 3 HORSES, WITH COACH-HOUSE, ETC.

The pleasure grounds are richly timbered, and include large tennis and croquet lawns, rookery and meadow-land, etc.,

IN ALL ABOUT 11½ ACRES.

—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square. London, W. (5,310)

SOUTH HAMPSHIRE.

WITH VIEWS TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

TO BE SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a fine situation, 150ft. above sea level, with views extending over the Solent to the Isle of Wight. The accommodation comprises: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; petrol gas lighting; water from the Bishops Waltham Water Company. Stabling for 4 horses, large coach-house, etc.; the grounds are nicely timbered, and include full-sized croquet lawn, flower beds, kitchen garden, woodland, and pasture, in all about 16 acres.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (5,316)

SURREY (amidst the pine woods of Byfleet and Chertsey).—To be SOLD, a substantially built RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, etc.; garage, stabling, gardener's cottage; over 3 acres of very pretty grounds; 2 golf links within a few minutes' walk. Price, £3,600.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,327)

"WADLEY MANOR," FARINGDON (1½ miles Faringdon Station, 16 miles from Oxford).—This HISTORICAL JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE

occupies a high open position, facing South, with views for many miles. The carriage drive of about a fifth of a mile is along a stately avenue, with lodge at entrance. The accommodation is conveniently arranged, and comprises: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 21 bed and dressing rooms, 6 bathrooms; every room is heated by radiators; an entirely new system of drainage has been laid; wired for electric light; stabling for 12; 2 cottages; the gardens and grounds extend to about 20 acres; there are extensive lawns, flower garden, shady walks, kitchen garden, etc.; hunting with the Heythrop, Vale of White Horse, and the Old Berkshire Foxhounds; 500 acres of shooting; the Residence has been decorated throughout, and is in perfect order.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (5,209)

BUCKS (close to Burnham Golf Links; close to Taplow Court and Dropmore Park).—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished, this attractive modern RESIDENCE, occupying a carefully selected position. ABOUT 200FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, ON GRAVEL SOIL. Accommodation: large lounge hall, dining room, drawing room, and morning room, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, and well-fitted offices; a feature of the interior is the old panelling and staircase from France. STABLING, COACH-HOUSE, AND GROOM'S ROOMS. The grounds are prettily laid out, and include tennis lawn, flower gardens, kitchen garden, etc., and parklike meadows, in all about 21 ACRES.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (3,573)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

BERKS AND OXON BORDERS (close to excellent golf links, 3 miles from a station, and within easy reach of Oxford).—TO BE SOLD, FREEHOLD, a VALUABLE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of NEARLY 100 ACRES. It is adorned with some FINE OLD FOREST TREES, including a handsome lime avenue, and comprises an OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE (as illustrated above), on sandy soil, facing South, approached by a carriage drive, and commanding views extending to the Berkshire Downs. The accommodation includes 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 6; 2 cottages, old farmery; matured shady grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, productive kitchen garden, also good pasture, arable, and woodland; boating, shooting, and hunting in the vicinity.—RECOMMENDED by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Photos and plan. (25,298)

650 FT. ABOVE SEA; NEAR SEVENOAKS (under 20 miles from London).—The charming old COUNTRY HOUSE and 21 acres of exceptionally lovely grounds and well-timbered paddocks, FOR SALE at a reduced price: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, large reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; South aspect; dry soil; Company's water, modern drainage; stabling and farmery; private golf a mile distant; station 2¼ miles; hunting.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,825)

WILTS AND DORSET BORDERS.—The above well-known COUNTRY MANSION, standing in a grandly timbered park, TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED (or might be LET, FURNISHED), with 3,500 ACRES of CAPITAL MIXED SHOOTING (270 acres covert).

Magnificently situated, 500ft. above sea; fitted with all modern improvements, including electric light.

Over 30 bed and dressing rooms, 8 bathrooms, suite of lofty and handsome reception rooms, billiard room, etc.; stabling for 30 horses; 2 entrance lodges; finely timbered but inexpensive grounds, kitchen gardens, glasshouses, and cricket ground; 5 large lakes affording coarse fishing.

FIRST-CLASS HUNTING WITH 3 PACKS.

3 miles from 2 main line stations, 2½ hours from Town.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (13,505)

HIGH ON THE SURREY HILLS.—4,000 guineas will PURCHASE the above exceptionally attractive OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY HOUSE, replete with modern comforts, 400ft. above sea, well away from main road and motor dust. Magnificent ground of 4½ acres; stabling and motor-house; 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, magnificent billiard room, large hall, good reception rooms; winter garden; gas and water laid on, main drainage; easy reach of 3 golf links, 7 minutes from station.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (23,315)

40 MINUTES FROM THE CITY.

THE ABOVE CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, with grounds and parklike lands of 13 ACRES. To be SOLD, at a reduced price, or LET, Furnished; in a delightful rural situation, 300ft. above sea; good views; 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, drawing and dining rooms, billiard room, magnificent lounge hall, ample offices; stabling for 5, man's rooms, farmery, and 3 cottages; well-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, meadow-land; Company's water; gas; 1½ miles from 2 stations.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,079)

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SUNNY SOUTH COAST.—LOVELY RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of nearly 250 ACRES, INTERESTING ELIZABETHAN MANSION of medium size, occupying a unique position in the midst of beautiful pleasure grounds and park; stabling, entrance lodge, home farm; salmon and trout fishing, hunting with Harriers and Otter hounds; good yacht anchorage; magnificent land and sea views. SACRIFICIAL PRICE.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,436)

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Briefly, Electrolysis means the insertion of a needle charged with an electric current down the hair follicle, with the object of destroying the root and papilla. *The success of the treatment depends entirely upon the Operator, and the scientific efficiency of the apparatus used.*

Pomeroy Electrolysis Operators are chosen for the work because they are temperamentally suited for it, and because they are genuinely interested in this branch of the profession. They are most carefully trained on the approved Pomeroy lines of procedure.

Each case requires and is given individual attention. There must necessarily be variations in the Treatment, for every woman's Superfluous Hair does not grow alike, and cannot, therefore, be treated alike. Our study of the subject and our years of practical experience enable us not only to detect the cause of the growth of the Superfluous Hair—and you would be surprised how many totally different causes there are to account for the growth—but to deal with each individual case with a certainty of success.

Another essential to the success of Electrolysis is that the treatment be carried out under the most stringent hygienic and aseptic conditions. Too much importance cannot be attached to the observance of aseptic precautions. Without fear of contradiction, we assert that the Pomeroy treatments are conducted under the most perfect aseptic conditions possible. We leave nothing to chance.

Thus it will be seen that at the Pomeroy Treatment Rooms there are all the essentials for the successful performance of Electrolysis.

Now, this is what happens when the patient sits for Pomeroy Expert Electrolysis. Her face is first carefully prepared for treatment. The part to be treated is washed with an aseptic, then dried, and the face again bathed with an aseptic solution. Then the needle—which is made of platinum and very fine—is sterilised and inserted. Each hair is treated separately, and the one action destroys root and papilla. It is absolutely impossible for the hair to grow again once the root and papilla are destroyed.

But do not fall into the error of supposing that 20, 30, 50, or 100 hairs removed from the face prevents further growth altogether. When a woman's face becomes disfigured by Superfluous Hair she is really going through a sort of physiological transition. It is essential—unless she cares nothing for appearance—that these prominent hairs should be removed. Others will come, but they would have come in any case, and unless Expert Electrolysis is employed, well, to put the matter bluntly, the growths will eventually assume the proportions of a beard.

As the further hairs grow, they, too, should be taken out by Pomeroy Electrolysis. It is the only way.

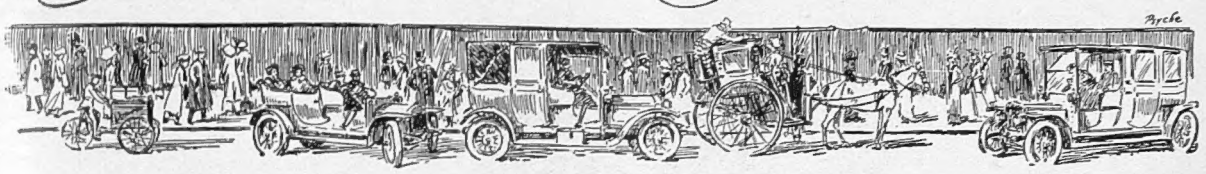
Consultation and Trial Sitting Free. Write to

Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd., 29J, Old Bond Street, London, W.

Use Pomeroy Skin Food daily — for the lasting good of your Complexion.

PROVINCIAL BRANCHES: Manchester, 10, St. Ann's Square; Liverpool, 27, Leece Street; Birmingham, 75, New Street; Glasgow, 281, Sauchiehall Street; Dublin, 67, Grafton Street; Sheffield, 4, Market Place Buildings.

Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

AS I write, the official order has yet to be given as to the postponement of the first Court, consequent on the death of the Duke of Fife. But since, in any case, these events are necessarily within visible distance, there has already commenced the usual flutter in the leading *ateliers* respecting the gowns to be worn; while that strange fraternity, the smaller, so-called, Court *modistes* are positively quivering with excitement to know the trend things will take.

The burning question, of course, is the train. And every year the query arises as to whether any drastic change is likely to come about. It always seems to me somewhat anomalous that, without anything commensurate to our Courts, Paris is still responsible for the conduct of these *arrière* appendages. From one reliable quarter I have it that extremely soft, filmy trains will be *de rigueur*, lace over *ninon*, and *broché* velvet *ninon*. Then, again, I hear of trains being arranged with little bolero effects, skeleton boleros, *bien entendu*, fashioned of straps brought over the shoulders and crossed; while it is inevitable that we shall have Court trains tapering to a point, cut off at a sharp diagonal line, slit up the centre to form a sharp point, and the like diversities.

Ubiquitous Brocades

Brocades will be ubiquitous, and not only in the *souple* qualities, but also the heavier makes, interwoven with metal threads. There is choice for all, simplicity for the débutante, picture frocks for the artistic, and regal toilettes for the stately.

I should, myself, greatly doubt the success of any ultra-Asiatic splendour of attire at one of the early Courts, at any rate. Probably later, when these extravagances of colour and outline have been more seen and better assimilated, their essay into this exclusive circle will not prove so conspicuous. Far be it from me to disparage any attempt to break down dull conventions, or any efforts to bring about variety. But there is just a trifle too much of the theatrical in these Cleopatra styles to fit quite into the stately atmosphere of our Courts, which, thank the kind fates, stand steady to traditional demands.

A COURT GOWN IN SIMPLE PRINCESSE STYLE

The corsage being supplemented by sleeves and under-draperies of tulle, and the hem of the skirt just lifted at one side over a simulated petticoat

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

A Court Gown

In offering an original contribution of a Court gown, Mrs. Dorothy Millar has essayed to keep within the realms of reason. The brocade depicted is of *souple* quality, a delicate ivory-white, the design carried into relief by a fine silver thread. The dress itself is arranged in simple Princesse style, the corsage supplemented by sleeves and under-draperies of tulle, and the hem of the skirt just lifted at one side over a simulated petticoat. For one half the train a plain satin is used, the other being of the same brocade as the gown, this half having the appearance of being one with the front as it picks up the line on the right shoulder, whereas the plain satin dissolves into the tulle side of the corsage. This suggestion would also be delightful executed in mediæval colourings, dull blues and reds, with splashes of gold. As Mrs. Millar suggests, coronals of diamonds will be among the leading *coiffure* adjuncts.

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The Editor's Box

Where Pantomime Reigns No More

At several of the outlying houses the annual pantomime has been withdrawn. For instance, at the King's, Hammersmith, the very successful pantomime, *Aladdin*, finished last week, and *Charley's Aunt*, direct from the Whitney Theatre, is playing here this week. Also at Kennington *Old Heidelberg*, with Henry Ainley in the cast, replaces *Cinderella*. At the Wimbledon Theatre is to be found the D'Oyly Carte Opera Co., and at the Marlborough, Holloway, Hilda Trevelyan in *What Every Woman Knows*, follows *Boy Blue*.

"Whitaker's Almanack"

Although six months younger than the Dominion of Canada (and but eight years old when it acted as godfather to the Indian Empire), Whitaker has already outgrown the British Dominions and has overflowed into the world at large. This factor is not without influence on the contents of the present volume, in which will be found much that is of world-wide interest; while the changes in the title-page bear witness to the increased area brought under consideration. The first number was published on December 10, 1868, and contained 362 pages, with an index of 2,000 references. The present volume contains 856 pages, with an index of 7,000 references. The first number contained particulars of Britain, "with some reference to other countries," while the present issue deals with "all the nations of the world, with particular reference to the British Empire and the United States." The change has been gradual, but is none the less significant; and it is in perfect harmony with the increase in the sphere of usefulness which is the fortunate peculiarity of this annual publication.

Valuable to Women

It is now generally admitted that a girl has a right to a career of her own, not merely in order to earn a livelihood, but to provide herself with an object in life; and every girl will find in "The Englishwoman's Year Book and Directory, 1912" (A. and C. Black) invaluable information in regard to any career open to women. The contents cover every department of life: education, sport, literature, professions, industrial and philanthropic work are only a few of the more prominent sections included in it. The book is indispensable to anyone who takes an interest in the great Renaissance of Woman now going on. The mass of information in regard to the position of women in municipal, industrial, and social life can be found nowhere else. Apart from its usefulness the book is absorbingly interesting, as the articles are not only thoroughly practical, containing facts only known to experts, but are written in good style and are most readable. The book has been called the "Woman's Whitaker," and well merits the title, but it is more than this, for besides all usual information there is much not to be found in "Whitaker" or any other reference book.

The "Sterling" Player-Piano

A Musical Treat

I have seen the "Sterling," heard it, and now I want one. The "Sterling" has convinced me that at a cost of only 68 guineas one can obtain a player-piano which should satisfy even the most captious of musical critics.

The 100-Guinea Silver Challenge Cup

Presented by Mr. Aliotte, which is to be competed for at the Smyrna Races. This handsome trophy was designed and manufactured by Charles Packer and Co., Silversmiths and Jewellers, 76 and 78, Regent Street, London, W.

I listened to one of Greig's masterpieces, and can assure my readers it was superbly rendered. I was prepared for technical correctness, but confess I was quite unprepared for the piece to be rendered so brilliantly and with such expression. I then sat down at the instrument and gave it a personal trial. Again was I surprised. The pedalling was so easy a child could play it! If you are at all interested in player-pianos, why not call, as I did, and hear the "Sterling"? Messrs. Coppleston and Co., Ltd., 94, Regent Street, London, W., will extend to you the same courteous treatment I received at their hands, and you will be assured of a genuine musical treat. At any rate, send for particulars, if you cannot call.

Great Northern Railway Company's Excursions

The excursions arranged for February and March cover all the important places in the North of England, Midland, and Eastern Counties, and the trains will be formed of corridor stock, which is comfortably warmed throughout.

Every Sunday there is the popular half-day express trip at 11.30 a.m. to Peterborough, Spalding, Boston, Louth, Grimsby, Grantham, Nottingham, Newark, Retford, and in addition bookings for one day to Cambridge, Luton, Dunstable, St. Albans, Hertford, and numerous other places.

On Saturdays, February 17 and March 2, 16, and 30, bookings for various periods between one and eight days will be given to Peterborough, Nottingham, Lincoln, Sheffield, Hull, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Newcastle, Harrogate, etc., whilst half-day tickets will be issued every Saturday to St. Albans, Hatfield, Luton, Dunstable, Hertford, etc.

Dearer Coal—Cheaper Gas

The announcement that, coincident with a serious rise in the price of coal, the price of gas has again been reduced 1*d.* per 1,000 cubic feet by the Gas Light and Coke Company, comes as a pleasant surprise to the harassed householder and the anxious business man. This reduction—following upon a similar lowering of price each January for four successive years—brings the charge down to the even half-crown a thousand cubic feet!

Man's Fireside Friend

It is during the winter months especially that our thoughts turn with affection to the easy-chair. A cosy chair, a large fire, and an interesting book are three quantities that go very far towards making life worth living at this season. So it was with no little interest that I conned the pages of an illustrated booklet dealing with the Oxford 'Varsity Basket Chair. They evidently realise what true comfort is up at Oxford if these chairs are any criterion. And the prices are so moderate, varying, in cretonne, from 23*s.* for a 23in. chair to 36*s.* for a 36in. chair. Of course, there is an infinitesimal extra charge for a chair covered with art serges, plushettes, or art taffetas. "The 'Varsity" is made solely by Minty, 44 and 45, High Street, Oxford, from whom full particulars may be obtained.